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GREY DAYS.

My soul is heavy with the sullen pain
That consciousness but half awakened brings
Of sorrow and the secret heart of things
Throbbing throughout the world and in my brain.
And, caught within the noose my fancy flings,
I follow, will-less, in that mighty train
Of things and peoples that have been in vain,
Of vanished empires and forgotten kings,
And those great multitudes of men who sought
To build a wonder-tower which might abide
Through all vicissitudes of time and tide,
And, in a faith too all-believing, wrought
Deeds of great hardihood, and blindly died
For causes lost, and high hopes come to naught.

The Nation. *Rosalind Murray.*

OPPORTUNITY.

(From MacMavelli.)

'But who art thou, with curious beauty graced,
O woman, stamped with some bright heavenly seal?
Why go thy feet on wings, and in such haste?"

"I am that maid whose secret few may steal,
Called Opportunity. I hasten by
Because my feet are treading on a wheel,

Being more swift to run than birds to fly.
And rightly on my feet my wings I wear,
To blind the sight of those who track and spy;

Rightly in front I hold my scattered hair
To veil my face, and down my breast to fall,
Lest men should know my name when I am there;

And leave behind my back no wisp at all
For eager folk to clutch, what time I glide
So near, and turn, and pass beyond recall."

"Tell me; who is that Figure at thy side?"
"Penitence. Mark this well that by decree
Who lets me go must keep her for his bride.

And thou has spent much time in talk with me
Busied with thoughts and fancies vainly grand,
Nor hast remarked, O fool, neither dost see
How lightly I have fled beneath thy hand."

J. E. Flecker.

JOY.

Joy in my heart, like a song-bird, sings
And flits and carols the whole day long,
For there's bloom on the bough,
And there's wind in the trees,
There's sun on the seas,
And white foam at the prow;
And the joy of the world goes up in a song,
A song of delight at the beauty of things.

Agnes Murray.

EXSPECTO RESURRECTIONEM.

Oh! King Who hast the Key
Of that dark room,
The last which prisons us but held not Thee,
Thou know'st its gloom.
Dost Thou a little love this one
Shut in to-night,
Young and so piteously alone,
Cold—out of sight?
Thou know'st how hard and bare
The pillow of that new-made narrow bed,
Then leave not there
So dear a head!

Charlotte M. Mew.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE ANTI-IMPERIALISM OF THE IMPERIALISTS.

After a decade of kaleidosopic history, food taxes as a stepping stone to Imperial Federation have been deposed from their place of honor in the Unionist programme of Tariff Reform. So much, at any rate, the highly spectacular events of the past few weeks may fairly justify one in asserting. To go beyond that would be, perhaps, to abandon fact for prophecy. Yet the general belief seems to be that what we have been privileged to witness is not merely the postponement but the burial of the Chamberlain scheme of Imperial Preference, and that the relieved and almost comical glee with which the Unionist rank and file have capered after the corpse has its roots in their persuasion that it can never again be resurrected. The situation, however, inside the party remains, and must long remain, divertingly chaotic. Some ninety-five per cent. of the Unionist M.P.'s have suddenly discovered either that they do not believe in the policy they have been advocating for the past ten years, or that they cannot win on it, or that it stops them from concentrating their full strength on the more immediate problem of how to get rid of the present Government. In any case, they have made up their minds to retire it for the time being into the innocuous background of a second General Election, and they have forced their "leaders" to head the retreat. But one may permissibly doubt whether this rearward manœuvre has quite settled the question. In the first place, its electioneering value, which in the eyes of the ordinary Unionist in and out of Parliament is its chief recommendation, has yet to be tested. There is an ineradicable preference in the mind of the average voter for a party that sticks to its principles and is ready to suffer for them; and the latest dodge of the Unionists to appear loyal to their policy while relying on tactics to evade its consequences may, for all one knows, alienate rather than attract the electorate, and still further deepen that fatal suspicion of vacillation and shiftiness from which the official conduct of the Tariff Reform movement has hardly once been free. There is undoubtedly a new England beating against the bars, but it has not so completely parted with its old self as to cease to admire courage in its public men; and courage, definiteness, coherency, are precisely the qualities in which the Unionist campaign against Free Trade has been most lacking from the moment Mr. Chamberlain dropped out of the firing line. Parties as a rule make a great mistake when they deliberately try to be popular; they would do much better to trust to the unpopularity of their opponents; elections in general are decided not on the merits of the Outs but the demerits of the Ins; and of all political expedients the one that most often defeats itself is a concerted rush to cover. No position is impossible so long as it is held; it is only when a manifest tremor begins to run through the ranks of its defenders and an impulse to evacuate it declares itself, and the onlookers are led to suspect hesitancy, faintheartedness, insincerity, or divided counsels, that matters become hopeless.

Moreover, it is worth remembering that in politics it takes two to drop an issue. The Unionists may insist that food taxes are shelved and need no longer prevent the country from turning to them at the next election;

but the Liberals may, and, of course, unquestionably will, point out that they are not permanently abandoned and that an appeal to the country which ends in a Unionist victory brings them appreciably nearer. The Unionists, to be sure, unlike the wicked animal in the natural history book, may decide not to defend themselves when attacked; but I question whether their forbearance will greatly avail them. They will continue to number in their midst an ardent remnant of Chamberlainites, who assuredly will not abstain from avowing their faith in the taxation of food as a means of cementing the Empire, who control, and are not likely to be ousted from, practically all the party organizations, and who will work unceasingly for the deletion of the Double Election pledge just as they wriggled out of the Referendum. Their presence and activities and the official assurance contained in Mr. Bonar Law's letter of January 14th, that there has been no change in the Unionist policy but only in the Unionist procedure, that food taxes, in other words, are as much as ever a plank in the party platform, and that only the method of dealing with them has been altered, make it quite arguable that the Unionists will discover too late that they have weakened themselves for all purposes of defence and gratuitously strengthened their opponents' attack, and still have not freed themselves from their wretched entanglement. It is, perhaps, a little early to suggest that the Unionists may find it as difficult to be faithful to the Double Election device as to the Referendum. But it is certain that the country does not trust them or their professions, and that nobody would be greatly surprised if a year or two hence one of their leaders were to take the same line in regard to the latest concordat that Lord Lansdowne on November 14th adopted in connection with the Referendum; were to ask whether it "should be allowed to hold the field for all time and in all circumstances," and were to conclude that undoubtedly it should not. And besides all this, there is the clear fact that Mr. Bonar Law's position as a leader has been irreparably damaged, that a scheme of strategy has been forced upon him from below, that he only consented to remain at the head of the party against his own judgment and inclinations, and that the most flamboyant testimonials cannot disguise the fact that the cause of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference has suffered the severest set-back in its history under the leadership of the very man who, next to Mr. Chamberlain himself, is most identified with it. And, finally, there is the complication that with the food taxes withdrawn or eliminated, the whole Tariff Reform movement is reduced to the most squalid and corrupting form of industrial Protection, with all the vision and idealism gone from it, and with nothing left for the farmers except the certainty of duties on all they buy and on nothing that they sell. With all these factors at work it is difficult to persuade oneself that food taxes will cease to be an issue in our politics, or that the agreement on which the Unionists have taken their stand has in it any real element of stability.

As an Englishman who is convinced that the taxation of food in the name of Imperial Federation would be equally injurious both to our industrial masses and to the Empire itself, I should rejoice if what I have just written were to be falsified by the event; and I gladly recognize that the peril inherent in Mr. Chamberlain's policy of Preference and Protection has, at any rate, been minimized by the undertaking to submit it as a

whole and in detail to the voters before it can become operative. But it is pretty obvious that this undertaking has been given primarily as a matter of electioneering tactics and not because the Unionists have in any way grown to realize that food taxes imposed with the idea of preserving and strengthening Imperial unity were a fundamental error in statesmanship. Amid all the varied and contradictory arguments with which they have advocated a duty on corn and wheat, they have never, so far as I am aware, wavered in the belief that such a duty was not merely desirable but essential if the Empire was to be maintained. We have been told in the course of the past ten years many things about the food taxes that it was not easy to reconcile—that the foreigner, for instance, would pay them; that they were not to be imposed on maize and bacon so that the food of the very poor might not be increased in price; that they would involve no sacrifice; that the sacrifice was worth making for the sake of the Empire; that the workman's budget would not be burdened by so much as an extra farthing a week; that any rise in the price of bread would be more than compensated by the remission of other taxes; that the price of the home supply of breadstuffs would be unaffected by the tax, and that the farmers, none the less, would greatly benefit. But throughout this amazing series of assertions, each happily framed to cancel the other, the Unionists have remained constant in their delusion that the salvation of the Empire was to be sought, and could alone be found, in the taxation of food. It is true that of late years we have not heard so much of Imperial Preference, that it has been relegated to perorations, that one Unionist M.P. was even candid enough to speak of it as merely the sentimental side of the Tariff Reform movement, and that a propaganda which was originally inspired by an ideal that its opponents might regard as false but could not possibly dismiss as mean or petty has steadily degenerated into an appeal to the crudest form of selfishness and greed. But no Unionist that I know of has disavowed or even disputed the soundness of Mr. Chamberlain's original contention that food taxes and nothing else could save the Empire. They are still as a party impervious to the stupendous fallacy and the very definite dangers that underlie it. They still sincerely believe that they possess a monopoly of the true spirit of Imperialism and that we purblind Free Traders are its enemies; and on the strength of that belief they have adopted an attitude, put forward proposals, and indulged in excesses that by now would pretty well have disrupted any political organization less elastic than the British Empire.

Of the fervor of Mr. Chamberlain's conviction that economic interest is the bond of empires there was never any doubt. He frankly acknowledged and gloried in it. It was by threatening us with "the dissolution" of our own Empire that he sought to win support for his new scheme. Unless it was carried, unless we abandoned our "economic pedantry," our "old shibboleths," and renounced Free Trade in favor of Protection, the Empire, he warned us, was doomed. Without a closer and ever closer commercial connection with the oversea Dominions he was "sure we shall fall to pieces and into separate atoms"—"we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us." On that point, at any rate, he was perfectly sincere and perfectly explicit. Free Trade spelt Imperial disintegration; Protection

alone could lastingly consolidate. And that with him, as also with his followers at this moment, was a bedrock article of faith, the final and fundamental argument that he used to justify the new departure. The alternative to Preferential Tariffs was the disruption of the Empire. It was to save the Empire that he proposed them. Only a year or two before Mr. Chamberlain made his discovery we were all congratulating ourselves that the Empire was at length a thrilling and vibrating whole—united not in formal and artificial bonds, but by the sense of a common interest and a common destiny, by sympathy, by affection, by a universal recognition of kinship. But hardly was the Boer War over than Mr. Chamberlain, speaking with the authority of a Minister for the Colonies, assured us that the spirit which had produced such wonderful results was not to be relied upon and might in the near future altogether disappear. He told us that the Empire was in danger. He said to us in effect: "Unless you eat more New Zealand mutton, and drink more Australian wine, and use more Canadian wheat, the Empire will be ruined." And that, in more elaborate and decorative language, is what his converts have been saying ever since. They still seem to think that the future of the Empire depends on the import and export returns; that the loyalty of the Dominions is to be measured in terms of Canadian cheese and West Indian bananas; that instead of volunteering for another Imperial war with the foolish sentimentality they showed in 1899 and 1900, each self-governing Dominion in future will turn to her account-books and decide, first of all, whether we have "made it worth her while"; and that the Empire, to be safe, to endure at all, must make its first appeal to the pocket, must be treated as a business transaction, and must weigh its Imperialism by the takings in the till.

This conception of the Empire is, of course, hopelessly and incurably wrong. If it were true, there would be no Irish question. A calculating selfishness has never been a dominant motive-power of history, and the deeper instincts and emotions of nations are untouched by considerations of cash. On what does the British Empire rest? What is the mainspring of Imperial loyalty? Is it, do you think, our "Colonial policy?" Not in the least. No system can produce loyalty, it can only make loyalty possible. Self-government and freedom from dictation are the pre-requisites of loyalty merely in the sense that they leave little or nothing for discontent to take hold of. They clear the ground better than any form of administration that has yet been devised, but they do no more. The forces that really create loyalty and bring it to fruition lie wholly outside the machinery of even the best-regulated rule. Westminster and Whitehall have nothing to do with loyalty; their business is the negative one of forestalling discontent. Is it then self-interest? In part, of course, it is. The advantage of belonging to a stable political system and of being able to rely and draw upon the wealth and power of Great Britain—these and many other considerations of the same kind rightly and necessarily have their weight in determining the attitude of the Dominions. But self-interest can never be the basis of such a special relationship as unites Great Britain and her daughter nations. It could no more have produced that than it could produce a real friendship between man and man. Only a politician with singular limitations of mind and spirit will find the operative force of most modern politics, na-

tional or international, to lie in self-interest rather than in sentiment, or will suppose that reason and calculation and a nice balancing of "practical" advantages have contributed anything but the most significant fraction to the sum total of Imperial feeling. No; the indestructible basis of the Empire is sentiment, the intangible but very vital compound of patriotism and pride in the stock, and pride in England and English history, and passionate attachment to the British Crown—all this idealized, raised to its highest power of fervor and genuineness, made romantic, if you like, by distance and the glamour of a long drawn perspective. There is poetry in it; there is almost a sort of religion in it. To those who think of the Empire either as a superior cash register or as a problem in algebra, to be solved by mechanical formulæ, and who forget that it is on the instincts of breathing men and women that it really rests, the thread may seem a thin one. Yet they have only to ask themselves why they are "loyal" to the Dominions to understand why the Dominions are loyal to the Empire; and the Unionists' cry of disruption in the event of the failure of their scheme of Preferential Tariffs simply shows that they have missed the animating force that makes the Empire one.

But the Unionists have another shot in their locker. Not only do they say that without Preferential tariffs the Empire must break up, but that with them it will be greatly strengthened. It is impossible to consider this latter claim apart from the history of our Imperial policy as a whole. What has that history been? It has been one long surrender of just such ties as the Unionists hope to reimpose, a continuous progress towards freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. All direct profit from, and almost all direct control over the Dominions, we have long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, has this grand virtue—it has made for contentment; it has diminished, virtually destroyed, the chance of friction; it has established a progressive ratio between the devotion of the Dominions to Great Britain and Great Britain's non-interference in their affairs. This is as true of our commercial as of our political relations with the Empire. Both have been an organic growth, produced by the free play of natural forces, not by mechanical devices. The Empire has prospered, and we have prospered with it, because we have given up the attempt to fence it round with artificial stakes, or to build on it the jealous, short-sighted, self-destructive monopoly that Spain, to her own undoing, insisted on throughout her realm. What is it, indeed, that marks out our Empire from all others if not this—that we alone have realized that a colony is not an estate whose usefulness begins and ends with returning a direct and exclusive profit to its owners? If we did not know it before, the American Revolution taught us that to govern a colony in its own interests, to let it carve out its career in its own way, never to twist it out of the line of natural development for our own profit, is to pursue a policy that in the long run makes as much for the strength and prosperity of the Motherland as of the colony itself. But of this policy and of all it stands for, the Unionist programme is the direct inversion. For a free, spontaneous connection it substitutes something that is rigid, formal, and artificial. It shifts the whole basis of the Empire, and profoundly modifies the spirit in which it has been built up and maintained. It aims at precisely

that species of Imperial monopoly on which history has written the flattest condemnation of failure. In its essence it is nothing less than a reversion towards the system which helped, among other things, to bring on the American Revolution. To say that it fatally lowers and vulgarizes a great ideal is, perhaps, of little "practical" importance. To say that it throws overboard a wise and great policy, and that if it were enforced it would associate the Empire in the minds of millions of Englishmen with dearer bread and rising prices is to challenge it on grounds of which everyone can appreciate the seriousness. And on what plea are Preferential Tariffs defended? On the plea, at bottom, that they will promote Imperial unity. There are actually people who talk as though the sense of Imperial unity were something that could be manufactured, like screws. They forget that of all the cast-iron systems which have been or are being tried by other Empires, not one has produced a thousandth part of the loyalty and feeling of kinship and of co-partnership in a common destiny that we have been able to evoke by making freedom and elasticity and the utmost play of local peculiarities the watchwords of our Imperial rule.

It is refreshing, as well as pertinent, to recall in this connection the late Lord Salisbury's valedictory to the nation some eleven years ago. It was a solemn and comprehensive warning against Imperial meddlers delivered by the last and greatest of Unionist statesmen. "There is no danger," said Lord Salisbury, "that appears to me more serious for the time that lies ahead of us than an attempt to force the various parts of the Empire into a mutual arrangement and subordination for which they are not ready, and which may only produce a reaction in favor of the old state of things . . . We have no power by legislation to affect the flow of opinion and of affection which has arisen so largely between the Mother Country and her daughter States. . . . We cannot safely interfere by legislative action with the natural development of our relations with our daughter nations. . . . If we will be patient and careful there is a tremendous destiny before us; if we are hasty, there may be the reverse of such destiny, there may be the breaking apart of those forces which are necessary to construct the majestic fabric of a future Empire. . . . There is nothing more dangerous than to force a decision before a decision is ready, and therefore to produce feelings of discontent, feelings of difficulty, which, if we will only wait, will of themselves bring about the result we desire. . . . The tendency of human beings and of statesmen—who are human beings—is to anticipate all such matters, and to think that because their own wretched lives are confined to some sixty or seventy years, therefore it is open to them to force an anticipation of the results which the natural play of forces and of affections will bring before us." In those few sentences, as I believe, there is more of the true spirit of Imperial statesmanship than in all the Unionist outpourings of the past decade; they embody the only safe and prudent policy for us to follow—the policy of letting the Empire alone as much as possible, of approaching it legislatively only in a spirit of the most wholesome diffidence, of being willing for once in a while to let nature have her way. It was the basis of Lord Salisbury's whole argument that Imperial Federation, if it ever comes at all, is far more likely to promote itself than to be promoted. Law-making on the heroic scale he evidently looked upon as the last thing needed. What he especially bade us beware

of was the habit of altering things simply to please our sense of what ought to be in a perfectly symmetrical world, and of tightening the bonds of Empire without thinking of the inevitable recoil.

From all these principles the Unionists have cut clean adrift. What they meditate is not only a fiscal revolution, but a revolution of our entire Imperial policy; and its value and expediency can only be judged in the light of history and experience. The answer of history and of our own experience in the days when a system of Imperial Preference actually existed is, at any rate, emphatic enough. It is that you cannot put an Empire into a straitwaistcoat. We tried the experiment once, and discovered at a bitter cost that it did not pay. Instead we substituted a system under which collision between the interests of Great Britain and the interests of the Dominions was made all but impossible, under which no "bargaining" has been necessary, no wrangling over specific and *ad valorem* duties, no sense on either side of sacrifices or unfairness, and no opening given to charges of favoritism. The old system, the monopolizing and preferential system, put a premium on friction and jealousy, and thwarted the natural growth of the oversea nations to their and our own impoverishment. Wherever it is still in force to-day it produces the same results. The new system, which the Unionists propose to break up, is the only one that has eliminated the chance of economic clashes, and so paved the way, not only for a vast extension of trade, but for harmony, unity, and good-will. It is the eighteenth-century notion of Empire that the Unionists have really reverted to, just as though there had never been an American Revolution, just as though Adam Smith had never written. Other Empires have clung to that notion and have failed; we have discarded it and have succeeded.

I do not, of course, mean for one moment to imply that the British Empire is beyond the need of statesmanship. But no one who dispassionately surveys the fabric of our Imperial rule and compares it with other Empires, whether of the past or present, will venture lightly on the task of improving it. Among all the political phenomena that the world has yet witnessed, the British Empire is unique—unique in its anomalies, its contradictions, its defiance of all precedents and analogies, its innumerable confusions, its consciousness of an underlying sentiment of unity that is only just beginning to find expression in formal arrangements and tangible bonds. Within the Empire there are, as a matter of fact, two Empires. One of them corresponds more or less to the old Roman idea of a great central State, ruling with a semi-absolute and benignant despotism a vast number of varied and scattered dependencies. The other, and this the one most vital to the future of the race, corresponds to nothing that has ever existed. If you look solely at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and India, for example, or the Malay States, or almost any of the Crown Colonies, you feel yourself in the presence of an organized system. But if you look at the relations that obtain between Great Britain and Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, you feel yourself in the presence of no system at all. The Empire in this latter aspect presents itself mainly as a haphazard congeries of States, three-quarters independent, and linked neither to one another nor to the Motherland by any but the most seemingly casual and decorative bonds. There is next to no unity of defence, no machinery for co-operative action, no common trade policy, no visible organic unity. The relations between

the autonomous and the despotically governed portions of the Empire are guided by no settled principle of deference to Imperial interests. Each unit in the Empire goes its own way, conscious but regardless of the fact that it is but part of a whole. Well might an outside critic, gazing on such a glorious muddle, speak of "the so-called British Empire" as a mere glittering abstraction.

But things are better now than they used to be. The consciousness has steadily deepened that for us English the supreme question is that of making the Empire for as many purposes as possible a single whole, and of giving it a coherence, an effectiveness, and an organized power and stability it does not now possess. Slowly and cumbrously we are moving towards the ideal of converting the Empire from a number of ill-related communities into something that shall be, if not a single unit in the society of States, at least a body of a firmer cohesion and a more visible interdependence than at present among its several parts. It is from that standpoint, and not in their purely naval aspects, that Canada's magnificent participation in the defence of the Empire and her admission to a consultative share in the direction of British policy acquire their true significance. One can say at last that the danger of the five self-governing Dominions developing five different sets of foreign interests, safeguarded and extended by five different policies, and enforced by five different navies, is at an end. But there is, and can be no royal road to the goal of Imperial consolidation. Only by following simultaneously a number of converging pathways shall we ever reach it. Along some of them we have already advanced; on others we have as yet barely set foot; one at least we have pretty well abandoned. The old idea of calling in the representative principle in the form of a pan-Britannic Senate as a solution of the problem of Empire is, in my judgment, now thoroughly exploded. The co-option of Imperial delegates to the Defense Committee, and perhaps to one or two advisory boards, is another matter; but no one who has studied the debates on Sir Joseph Ward's resolution at last year's Conference can doubt that the notion of a Parliament of the Empire is doomed, if not dead. At the same time, it is clear that if the Empire is to act as an effective unit, some better means must be found by which its various parts can keep in touch and consult with one another than a quadrennial Conference, sitting for three or four weeks, and grappling with a host of stupendous problems that are brought before it with a necessarily inadequate preparation. There are, however, many other roads to a closer union besides this one of politics and machinery. Commercial legislation, for instance, patents, copyright, trade marks, naturalization, the appointment and activities of consuls, post and cable services and communications, shipping dues and routes, the currency, weights and measures, and emigration are all of them matters susceptible to a more or less uniform treatment. But the most hopeful, and perhaps the most immediately essential, stepping-stone to Imperial Federation is that of defence. As the international pressure increases, it is being universally recognized that the British Empire cannot be a unit in any vital sense unless and until its naval and military power is organized on a common basis and is prepared to act in time of war under a single direction. An Imperial General Staff is already in existence, and all the Dominions in one form or another have either made or promised contributions to the Empire's sea power. But there is still a deplorable diversity of opinion as to the shape

these contributions should assume, and as to the status of the Dominion navies in the general scheme of Imperial policy. The Empire as a whole is only beginning to think out its naval problem. Beyond all this, there are two other ways in which Imperial unity might be encouraged without being unduly forced. Cecil Rhodes grasped the importance of making England the educational centre of the Empire, and the idea behind his famous bequest has not yet by any means been worked out to its fullest capacity. And no one as yet has tackled the problem of making the administrative services of the Empire really Imperial, and of enabling the men of Great and of Greater Britain to work side by side in the government of India, Egypt, the Crown Colonies, and other Dependencies.

I have thus hurriedly outlined some of the main problems of the Empire in order to affirm my conviction that more has been done in the past seven years of Liberal rule to bring them down to manageable proportions and to work out their solutions along cautious, sympathetic, and far-seeing lines than in any previous period of British history. The Empire, thanks to the Liberals, who, remember, make no claims to be the only true Imperialists, is very much less of a *soi-distant* Empire in 1913 than it was in 1905. And it is instructive to compare their record with the recent performances of the sole patentees of genuine Imperial sentiment, the Unionists. There is no need, for this purpose, to dwell on the importation of Chinese labor into South Africa or on the Constitution that Mr. Lyttelton devised for the Transvaal, though as specimens of sheer indifference to the feelings of the self-governing Dominions and of floundering obtuseness in the face of a great opportunity for constructive statesmanship, neither incident should be forgotten. It will be enough, however, to recall that Mr. Chamberlain in 1903, after eight years in the Colonial Office, really thought he could ear-mark certain industries and say to the Dominions, "Leave these to us"; that he publicly put forward the suggestion as the *quid pro quo* that the daughter nations could offer us in return for preferential admission into the British market; and that it was only the instantaneous and heated repudiation of the idea by all the Dominions that awakened him to its full enormity. In itself, apparently, he saw nothing that did not square with his conception of an ideal Imperial relationship. Ten years later his principal lieutenant and ablest supporter, Mr. Bonar Law, advanced two other proposals that were not less significant of the mind and temper of modern Unionism. In the first place, he announced "without hypocrisy" that his policy for India was based on the theory that our services to the country had given us claims that ought to be recognized, and that the recognition should take the form of an Indian tariff against the rest of the world and free trade with us. In two masterly speeches early in last December Lord Crewe fairly pulverized this astounding programme as a fiscal impossibility and a political crime. The controversy was too one-sided to last long, but it lasted quite long enough to convince one that it would be a disaster of the first magnitude if Mr. Bonar Law's views were ever to shape our Indian policy. His second and more notorious, but not more flagrant, outbreak against every known principle of a sane Imperialism occurred in the famous Ashton-under-Lyne speech of December 16th, when he seriously proposed that it should be left to the Dominions to determine whether or not food taxes should be imposed on the people of Great Britain. Would it be possible to conceive two suggestions more friutful of Imperial discord, more certain to precipitate a rancorous an-

tipathy between Great and Greater Britain than Mr. Chamberlain's idea of restricting the industrial growth of the Dominions in British interests and Mr. Bonar Law's scheme of throwing the onus of the food taxes upon the Ministers overseas?

The Unionist rank and file in this respect have been in no wise behind their sagacious leaders. I have tried to show that their principal policy is neither needed to stave off the disruption of the Empire nor competent to preserve its harmonious unity. But besides this all-embracing error, there is hardly an infringement of the spirit and manners and elementary observances that should go with the spirit of Empire of which they have not been guilty in the past decade. Ever since they became infected with Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference, ever since they felt themselves thus driven to make the utmost partisan use of every incident that seemed to touch the Empire or any of its parts, a madness has filled their brain, perspective has deserted them, and their speeches and writings have developed a recklessness of imputation and abuse that is at least as repugnant to the spirit of real Imperialism and far more dangerous to the daily workings of the Empire than the mid-Victorian indifferentism. The most arid economist of the straitest Manchester sect who looked forward with such extraordinary complacency to the time when the Colonies would cut the painter, was not a whit more misguided, and with infinitely greater excuse, than the bellowing patriots who have raged up and down the land for the past ten years, proclaiming the imminent dissolution of the Empire unless their nostrum were swallowed, and pressing each Dominion by turn into the service of their electioneering needs. We all remember how persistently they have crabbed British trade, sneered at the bounding figures of the import and export returns, magnified every social and economic ill in our midst, and painted such pictures of national decadence that for a time, to my own knowledge, a great many worthy people in the Dominions were troubled by the accumulating "evidence" of our decline, and considerably startled when a visit to these isles gave them a chance of comparing the reality with the distortions of Unionist rhetoric. In the past seven years the Imperial Conferences held under Liberal auspices have been splendidly productive of good. At each one of them Unionist politicians and the Unionist Press have done all they could to prejudice the Dominion Ministers against the Liberal Government, to turn the Conferences into party demonstrations, to minimize the results that have been achieved, and to endear Great Britain to the daughter nations by ceaselessly representing her in the act of refusing from motives of apathy or selfishness some boon which the Dominions are portrayed as begging for in an ecstasy of Imperial devotion. All this is perilous and degrading enough. But, worse still, and far more destructive of any sound relationship, is the habit which the Unionists have steadily, and, indeed, inevitably, developed, of picking out certain parties and statesmen in the Dominions, of proclaiming them the only true Imperialists, of regarding their local opponents as wanting in "patriotism" and the sense of Empire, and of thus taking an ardent and purely partisan part in affairs of which they know little and can imagine less.

One remembers in this connection how they have idolized Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and then branded him as something like a traitor to the cause of Empire; how vigorously they were rebuked by the late Sir Richard Seddon for twisting New Zealand's offer of Dreadnoughts to their party ends; what

monstrous and defamatory nonsense they talked for many years about the Colonial "offer"; how instinctively they have fallen into the way of identifying themselves with particular movements and organizations and personalities in the Dominions, and of denouncing or weeping over their antagonists on the spot; how completely their scheme of Imperial statesmanship repudiates the idea that what is good for Canada or South Africa or Australia cannot be bad for the Empire; and with what precipitancy they are ready to hail every other development in the Dominions as a victory or defeat for the Imperialist cause. It has been reserved, oddly enough, for Mr. Austen Chamberlain to incriminate himself by displaying these tendencies in their worst, because their most unconscious, form. I say "oddly enough," because Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a man who habitually chooses his words, is rarely betrayed into an indiscretion, and is as a rule careful of his facts and moderate in his statements. Yet in his recent speech at Acock's Green—a speech that under very trying circumstances showed his sincere and honorable character at its best, and received, and deserved to receive, the sympathetic applause of all who value candor and conviction in public life—there were passages that, according to Lord Grey, and his authority on such a subject is incomparable, could not fail "to be deeply and justly resented by nearly one-half of his Majesty's most loyal Canadian subjects." Mr. Austen Chamberlain was contrasting the respective attitudes of the Liberals and the Unionsists towards the Canadian-American Reciprocity Agreement, which he quite wrongly described as an arrangement from which the Mother Country was excluded. "By us," he said, "it is felt to be a calamity from which the patriotism and the Imperialism of the people of Canada have happily delivered us." I will confess —and the confession shows how far we have got on the downward slope —that on reading the speech for the first time I paid no particular attention to these sentences. They seemed very mild compared with some of the hysterical misunderstandings that Unionist politicians and journalists have lavished on this subject. But the inference to be drawn from them is clearly and unescapably this, that in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's opinion the Canadian Ministers who framed the Agreement were less patriotically and less Imperially minded than the electorate which rejected it. Lord Grey had, therefore, every right to protest was promptly followed up by and none the less mischievous for being wholly unintentional and the product simply of a perverted train of reasoning on things Imperial, being passed by an ex-Cabinet Minister on the late Canadian Government. His protest was promptly followed up by an outspoken letter from Mr. W. S. Fielding, in which the late Canadian Minister of Finance analyzed Mr. Austen Chamberlain's statements and the conclusions to which they led with great neatness and vigor, and ended up in these crushing words: "I need hardly say that I, of course, acquit Mr. Chamberlain of any intention to mislead the British public. His high character gives abundant assurance that his desire would be to deal with the question fairly according to his knowledge. The misfortune is that, for the promotion of party interests here (in England) and in Canada, the Reciprocity Agreement has been systematically misrepresented; to such an extent that even a leading statesman like Mr. Chamberlain has been deceived and misled. Yet candor obliges me to say that such statements as those I have quoted, far from promot-

ing the good cause of Imperial unity, are most mischievous, inasmuch as they are unfounded in fact, offensive to practically one half of the Canadian people, and calculated to destroy that respect for and confidence in British statesmen, without which it is certain the Imperial ideal will never be realized." So severe and merited and public a rebuke has never probably been administered by any Colonial to any British statesman; and one can imagine how it would have been trumpeted and placarded abroad by the Unionist Press had Mr. Asquith, for instance, or any other Liberal Free Trader chanced to be its recipient. What lent to the episode an almost tragical touch was Mr. Chamberlain's confessed inability to see wherein he had given offense, and his almost vehement denial that he had intended any. I hope, however, his eyes may be opened before long, and that the shock of his castigation at the hands of Lord Grey and Mr. Fielding may induce him and all other Unionists to stop and ask themselves whether a way of thinking about the Empire that offends "practically one half of the Canadian people" as soon as even the most moderate and innocent expression is given to it, is not open to some rather serious objections; and whether it might not with advantage be revised or abandoned. Towards the Dominions, towards India, and towards Ireland, the party that delights above all things to call itself Imperialist is taking a line that all history and experience show to be the flat negation of Imperialism. That is a development so inimcal to the best interests of the Empire and with so great a potentiality of disaster unless it is arrested, that a Free Trader has an additional reason for hoping that the relegation or suppression of the food taxes may be used by the Unionists to reconsider and reject the pernicious creed to which they allowed themselves to be committed ten years ago.

Sydney Brooks.

The Fortnightly Review.

AT CANTERBURY AND AMIENS WITH JOHN RUSKIN.

On the wall of the room where this article is written, two frames containing drawings hang very close to each other. The first contains two very delicate pencil drawings; one representing part of the great perpendicular tower of Canterbury Cathedral; the other, some of the canopy work of the South Porch. Both studies show a remarkable feeling for architectural detail, and are drawn with great care and delicacy.

The other frame contains a slight pencil drawing, which is touched here and there with white, and is on grey paper; with little apparent effort the effect is given of the vast mass of the Cathedral of Amiens reflected in the water; with a few rapid strokes the wide curve of the river bank is indicated, and the groups of people on the shore.

These drawings are by the same hand—the delicate, sensitive hand of John Ruskin; but between the dates inscribed on them lies an interval of nearly fifty years. The Canterbury drawings belong to the period of his boyhood, when he was passing through the ancient city on one of his journeys with his father and mother, and were given by him to friends in Canterbury in the year 1880. He has written, in pencil, under the drawing of the Cathedral Tower, "J. Ruskin. Canterbury. 1832. My first as ever was—study of

architecture. Dated January 15th, 1880."

Of these drawings he says, in a letter to Miss Fanny Gale, his hostess in Canterbury, "and do you like these little absurd drawings then?"

Before his first visit he wrote to her nieces, of whom the present writer is one, "I am wanting much to be at Canterbury, where I hope to hear much about St. Augustine and to be, in every way, impressed and improved."

In another letter he writes, "Of course you must both come to take care of me at Canterbury, or I shall be too seriously impressed, I am sure, and shall make an Augustine monk of myself or something of that sort."

After his first visit he wrote, "I am sure I came away from Canterbury more softly hearted to all the world from having been so petted by the aunts and you."

These boyish drawings have in them the promise of all the beautiful, delicate architectural work to be executed, by the same hand, in after years.

The slight sketch of the Cathedral of Amiens, drawn nearly fifty years later, is the work of a master, able to express very quickly, and with few strokes, what would have cost him much time and labor in the past. This drawing also was given by him to his friends in Canterbury, some of whom were with him at Amiens, watching him as he drew it.

In the same house are several other interesting Ruskin drawings, but it is only with the drawings of Canterbury and Amiens that we are now concerned.

His visits to Canterbury gave him very great pleasure; he loved to sit and write at a window from which he could command a view of the great central tower of the Cathedral, and of its grey walls and roofs, and could see gardens and green lawns, and great trees and old houses; but in spite of the beauty of the view of the Cathedral, in its green setting, Canterbury had many disappointments for him. He never was quite satisfied with the interior of any English Cathedral; he found, in them all, too much vergerism, and a great deal too much restoration. Such figures, for instance, as those placed in the old niches of the South Porch could not but excite his wrath. The carving of the present Choir Stalls was in progress during his first visit to Canterbury, and he found the work meaningless and lifeless, and he was struck by the indifference of the workmen when he talked to them about their work. He asked one man if the animal he was carving was a bear or a dog; the answer was, "I don't know." The Professor said, "I suppose it is a case of you pays your money and you takes your choice."

He surprised a stationer in Mercery Lane, close to the Cathedral, who offered him photographs of the vast building, by saying, in a very sad tone, "There is no Canterbury Cathedral now." Of course he really found a great deal to admire in the magnificent Cathedral, and he had a special love for the tomb of the Black Prince, and for the beautiful old glass of the Becket windows, and he declared the carved wooden canopy over Archbishop Kemp's tomb to be the finest he had ever seen. Happily for his peace of mind he saw the Chapter House sad and grey and desolate, but not overlaid with coats of garish paint, and with its old irregular stone pavement replaced by quite uninteresting wooden flooring.

The distant view of the Cathedral that pleased him the most was from Harbledown Hill—the "Bob-up-and-down" of Chaucer—where it is seen as a foreshortened mass. He stood on the edge of a ploughed field, and made

a drawing of this view. He loved walks and drives in the peaceful Kentish country, in late October sunshine. The ascent of St. Martin's Hill he called "a sweet slope"; and he liked the old Kentish cottages and farmhouses. His pleasure in the celebrated view from St. Martin's Churchyard, so much extolled by Dean Stanley, was spoilt for him, by the sight of the very ugly buildings of the jail.

On his last visit to Canterbury he was on his way to Amiens, to work at those chapters "Our Fathers have told Us" to which he gave the name of "The Bible of Amiens." It was interesting, when he started, to note his freedom from the ordinary cares of the traveller, and the way he was able to discourse on the reasons of the fall of Venice till the carriage came in which he was to drive to Dover. He invited the writer of these pages, with a sister and brother, to join him at Amiens, and perhaps to go on to Paris with him. Needless to say the invitation was eagerly accepted, and, at the end of the journey, after crossing the Channel in a wild, late October hurricane, it was delightful to be welcomed by the beloved Professor at the door of a comfortable old French inn. He hoped we were not longing for the gaiety of a *table d'hôte*, as he always dined in his own sitting-room; but he promised to take us to the theatre after dinner.

Another guest was added to the party the next day; and our kind host made the visit delightful to us all. It is needless to describe the Cathedral; has not John Ruskin written of it himself in the pages of "The Bible of Amiens?" But we, who were with him there, feel that no written words can equal the beauty of his spoken words, when he led us, all unworthy as we were, before the sculptured figures of the great portals of the Cathedral of Amiens, and interpreted to us their message. He explained to us how the Latin Vulgate—the form in which the Bible was given to Christendom by St. Jerome—was interpreted to the people by means of Art, by sculptured stone, and carved wood, and painted glass, and finally, by painted canvas.

With Amiens as an example he showed us how, in the medieval Cathedral, the whole Bible History was set forth from Adam to Christ, and not Bible History alone; for the Gothic builders appear to have tried to put clearly before the eyes of the ignorant and unlearned multitude, the whole of knowledge, human and divine. They set forth the mysteries of Death and Judgment, the learning of the Schoolmen, the lives of great Saints, and the emblems of arts and sciences and even the ordinary daily life of the people.

The simple peasant of Picardy, coming in from his fields to some great festival of the Cathedral, might feel too awe-struck to enter the great portals, when he saw himself confronted, before he crossed the threshold, by the Lord Himself—"le beau Christ d'Amiens," by the great company of Saints and Apostles and Prophets, by Madonna and the angels and star-led Kings, but he would feel that there was a place for him when he saw the representations of the labors of his daily life, with which he and his forefathers had been familiar for generations—the sowing, the reaping, the gathering of the grapes, even the killing and curing of the pigs. He would see also the Signs of the Zodiac, which, besides being tokens of science too high for him, would also be understood by him as the signs of the familiar changes of the seasons. The Professor explained how this same teaching is set forth in medieval literature, in the pages of the "Divina Commedia" as well as in the sculptures of Amiens, or the mosaics of St. Mark's

at Venice. It is curious what a close analogy can be drawn between the subjects set forth in a Gothic Cathedral and in the drawings of Dante. He only follows the teaching of the Catholic Church in taking Virgil as his guide to Heavenly Wisdom; for does not the Church class the Cumaean Sibyl with David in the hymns of her liturgy, and exalt her and her sisterhood with the prophets on the walls of her churches?

To be taught this lesson by the lips of John Ruskin was an experience never to be forgotten. When we were with him he had not finished deciphering the meanings of the designs, contained in the stone quatrefoils, illustrating the messages of the prophets. It needed a Biblical student, as well versed in the text of the Minor Prophets as John Ruskin, to interpret each obscure allusion; and it was evident that the medieval sculptors who had worked at these designs, were as well versed in the text of Scripture as the Professor himself. There is no greater fallacy than the popular idea that the study of the Bible was introduced at the Reformation. The Professor would not allow us to admire the Madonna over the South Porch as much as we would fain have done. In "The Bible of Amiens" (Ch. iv. 1-7) he says "everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside and her nimbus twitched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though, for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness and her gay soubrette's smile."

In like manner he spoke of her to us. Once he accused a member of the party of not attending, and he ingeniously turned all the meanings of the sculptures to her confusion, especially the group of the Foolish Virgins, pointing it out to her as the supreme example of the sin of not attending.

Our English Cathedrals also were once great illuminated Bibles, easily read by the unlearned, but the continuity of their teaching was broken at the Reformation; we have to go to foreign countries to learn what they once stood for to the people of England.

It was, probably, some thought of the contrast between the splendid lessons, still legible for all who care to read them, of the sculptured figures at Amiens, and the meaningless modern figures in the old niches of the south porch of Canterbury, that made the Professor say so sadly to the Canterbury shopkeeper, "There is no Canterbury Cathedral now." He would sadly feel the same contrast between the magnificent sixteenth-century woodcarvings of the choir stalls at Amiens —with Scripture histories in them and stories of common, human life as well—and the mechanical lifeless carvings of the modern Choir Stalls of Canterbury.

The Professor was always ready to follow the advice given by him to the traveller in the "Bible of Amiens"—"to stop and buy bon-bons or tarts" on the way to the Cathedral; he was also always ready to give to beggars at the church door, which he tells the traveller to do. The figure in the grey suit was well known to all the beggars of Amiens,

Only on one occasion were we unwilling to follow him to the Cathedral. We heard a man, in a shop where we had gone with him to buy photographs, telling him that, at that moment, the monks of two different orders were being forcibly ejected from their monasteries, and that tumults were expected, near the railway station. We fondly hoped, when we left the shop, that the Professor would lead us to the region of disturbance; but, with a serene smile, he said, "Come, my children, let us look at the Cathedral

by the sunset light." We obediently followed him, but, as soon as he went in to rest, we said "To the railway station!" and ran in search of adventure; but we were too late. The tumult —if tumult there had ever been—was over, and the streets were quiet and dull as usual.

The vergers of Amiens often displeased the Professor by their insistence on the least interesting objects of the church, such as a bloated angel, with a tear on its cheek, known as *L'enfant pleureur*. Once he alarmed the sacristan, when the church had been hung with black for a funeral, by asking him indignantly in French "What, in the name of all the devils, he meant by hanging those vile black rags on his beautiful Cathedral?" The rags were very vile, and were decorated with artificial tears and tinsel fringes.

We did not spend all our time in the Cathedral; our guide loved "the rivers of waters" and the little streams running through the streets, and the long perspective of the graceful lines of French poplars and aspens. He liked the humble tokens of human labor by the river-side, the wood-sheds with piles of freshly sawn timber, and above all, the very picturesque market-boats, with prows high out of the water—the gondolas of Amiens, the Venice of Picardy. One day, when he sat to draw by the water-side, in the old town, where the refuse of a tan-yard, decayed vegetables, and river mud mingled to form one fearful odor, we asked him if he minded it, and he answered "Not in the least, it reminds me of Venice."

The first time we walked out with him from Amiens, he made us stop, in a bitter north-east wind, on raised ground, a little way out of the town, that we might feel the force of the autumnal blast. We obeyed; though we told him it was much too cold to stand still, and we did not like it at all. He then told us we were standing where the Roman Gate of Amiens once stood, through which St. Martin was riding, on a cold winter's day, when he divided his cloak with a naked beggar. Would we do the same? We answered "Certainly not. That in that bitter wind we should keep every rag of clothing we possessed, however many beggars we met." Luckily we did not meet any. It was extraordinary, on those walks, to see how nothing escaped his observant eyes. He would point out the graceful clustering of a French village round its little church, the changes of the sky, and often take out a magnifying glass to examine the lichen stains on a stone, or some minute plants in the crannies of an old wall. One memorable walk was on November 2, when, as we returned to the town along the river bank, he stopped to make the sketch, now at Canterbury, which was reproduced for an illustration of "The Bible of Amiens." "*Jour des trépassés*" is written under it in the book. In the original drawing the figures on the bank are indicated by angry black marks. The Professor has been heard to say that he had a *Louis Quatorze* hatred of mourning and funerals. He tried in vain to wear a black tie when his mother died, but he could not bear it and soon resumed the familiar blue one. On that day at Amiens he was deeply depressed by the sight of a long procession of people coming out of the town to carry wreaths to the cemetery for the "*Jour des morts*." Nothing is so hideous as *bourgeois* French mourning; as we met group after group, some in rusty black put on for the day, others in long veils of coarse new crape, with garlands of yellow immortelles, or terrible wreaths of black and white beads, with glass tears on them, the Professor's gloom steadily deepened. He relieved his

feelings by those angry black strokes in the foreground of the peaceful drawing of the Cathedral, in the sunset light, by the river-side.

Our kind host was always trying to give us pleasure, and our time was indeed delightful in the comfortable French inn. The youngest member of the party often amused the Professor by the strength of his insular prejudices; he had never left England before, and he used to dart glances of contempt and scorn at a harmless school of French boys, because they wore cloth caps with peaks and walked out two-and-two—criminal offences in the eyes of an English boy.

Our attendants at the inn, Octavie, the chambermaid, and Dieudonné, the waiter, apeared to do the work of ten ordinary servants. Our dinners were always festive, in an old room, with a blazing wood fire, and numerous lighted candles. There was generally a surprise of some kind, a new kind of sweet, a hare dressed in some remarkable way, or a pheasant with its feathers arranged as in life. Octavie and Dieudonné would come in together, whispering and nudging each other, to watch the effect of the surprise on *Monsieur*, who never failed to rise to the occasion, and to throw up hands and eyes in admiration, and to send messages of thanks and compliments to the cook. Octavie adored *Monsieur*, but in rather a patronizing way.

Once, when there was a talk of dancing, he got up and gave a specimen of it himself, with long hair flying; Octavie came in and saw him and clapped her hands with delight. She came to us one day, breathless with excitement, to say some English people "had seen the name of *Monsieur* in the visitors' book, and had said 'You have, in your hotel, one of the greatest men in England.' Was that true? Was *Monsieur really* a great man in his own country?" If *Monsieur* was not a hero to Octavie, he was the greatest of heroes to his faithful manservant, the companion of his wanderings, who was at Amiens, and who was with him at Brantwood when he died. Any old friend of "the Master's" who goes there now is sure of an eager welcome from him. Two artists, who were making drawings for the Professor, sometimes joined our party at dinner—"the two disciples" we used to call them—the younger disciple was once rebuked for using exaggerated language, especially for speaking of some one as "a beautiful character." The present writer, sitting opposite to the Professor, was asked "How far would you have to go to find a beautiful character?" The obvious answer—"only across the table"—drew from him an indulgent smile. He never liked exaggeration. He told us to look for a Renaissance house, and we found it in a back street. It was very ornate, with carved stone ornaments, and looked like a bit of Italy in the commonplace French street, but when we told him we had seen "the lovely old house," he asked what adjectives we should have left for the Cathedral if we called a Renaissance house "lovely."

The Professor took us, several times, to the theatre; he loved to see good acting and to hear lively music, and we heard one quite good performance of "*Si j'étais Roi*"; but our last visit to that provincial theatre was one always to be remembered for its length and dulness. We dined early to be in our places at half-past six—what would London play-goers say to such an hour? At first we felt a little important, because, as we occupied the largest box in the house, we found we were attracting a great deal of attention from the native audience; and, for an hour or two, we were amused. The performance began with a short piece

—a curtain raiser—then came the opera of "La Fille du Régiment" followed by a five-act tragedy, in which a countess in a red velvet evening dress seemed to be always getting into difficulties. It was evident that the people of Amiens liked their money's worth when they went to the theatre. The Professor was quite happy at first, and liked the smart girl with high boots, a short skirt and a drum, who played the part of the military heroine; but at half-past ten he said he felt tired, and asked if we should mind if he left us, as he had to get up early for his work. With his usual exquisite courtesy, he said that perhaps we could return without him, as we had a brother with us, and he would leave his man-servant to walk back with us. We tried in vain to be allowed to go with him, but he said he would on no account spoil our pleasure. When he had gone we agreed that if the performance lasted till day-break we would stay till the curtain fell and the fiddles squeaked their last squeak, rather than let him think that our enjoyment was not so great as he had imagined. It gave us a little amusement to watch his man, sound asleep in the pit, his tired head falling on the shoulder of a stout Frenchwoman who sat next to him. We allowed ourselves a little relaxation, each member of the party taking it in turn to sit at the back of the box, and leave off watching the performance. It was a point of honor for those in front to keep the "back-bencher" informed of what was going on on the stage that all might be able to pass an equally good examination the next day, if the Professor questioned us as to the plot of that French tragedy. At half-past twelve the curtain really went down, the audience rose to its feet, the man-servant woke up, and came to look for us, and we were free to leave that box, where we had spent six mortal hours. Out in the cold night-air we found we were starving, and knowing how early the hotel people went to bed, we had small hope of food. When Dieudonnè opened the door we asked him, humbly and pathetically, if he could get us even a little piece of bread. With a beaming smile he threw open the door of our sitting-room, where we saw lights, a blazing fire, and a table spread for supper. "*Monsieur*," he said, "before retiring had commanded a *petit souper* to be ready for us on our return." What a fervent blessing we invoked on *Monsieur* for his kindly thought of us as we sat down to our midnight feast!

At the end of that happy week the Professor decided it was too cold for Paris, and we started for England, on a day of bitter wind and brilliant sunshine. Under the bright blue sky, with fine masses of flying white clouds, the little pools, in the marshy ground near the sea, shone like burnished steel, the dead rushes on their banks, showing almost white against the deep, shining blue. We landed at Folkestone, in the glow of a splendid sunset, and very sadly we there parted with our kind and dear friend and companion, as his way led to London, and ours back to Canterbury.

The oldest member of that company —the Professor himself—lies, as all men know, among the mountains in Coniston churchyard, close to his favorite lake of Coniston; the youngest has a lonely grave in the far off prairies of Manitoba; but the other three, when they meet, often talk of that happy week, long ago, spent with the beloved Professor, in the old French town.

Claudia E. Gale.

The Cornhill Magazine.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

"This is a nice, quiet spot, isn't it?" said Zachary, one April evening. "Ye'd not mind bidin' here by yourself to-morrow marnin'? Prince wants shoein' bad. I'll take en to the forge first thing."

"Of course I don't mind bidin' by myself," rejoined Honesty. "But 'tisn't so long since ye did have the horse shod. I should ha' thought he could ha' waited till we was passin' through a village."

"Nay, 'tis best to take en to-morrow," said Zachary. I'll be off early — afore you're up, very like. 'Tis more nor a fortnight since he was shod."

"Not a fortnight, I'm sure," insisted she. "'Twas the 29th o' last month, an' this is but the——"

She broke off suddenly, for Zachary had made a quick movement as though to prevent her mentioning the date. Then she understood—to-morrow would be his birthday.

"He doesn't want me to remember it," she thought; "he doesn't want to keep thinkin' to hisself o' this time last year, when us both had sich a happy holiday."

While Zachary kept repeating inwardly "Forty-two—forty-two. Another year to make her feel what a wold man she've married—but if us both was to spend two score years together I'll allus be twenty-two years older nor her."

Their camping place was in the corner of a field sufficiently near to a farmhouse for Honesty to feel herself safe, yet sufficiently retired to keep her secluded from the observation of tramps and suchlike gentry who might be travelling on the neighboring road. Zachary had carefully chosen a spot secluded by a clump of trees so that the van could not easily be discovered by those unaware of its whereabouts.

When Honesty opened her eyes on the following morning, Zachary was already moving about.

"Ye bain't a-goin' off wi'out your breakfast?" she exclaimed, sitting up hastily. "I'll get it in a minute."

"Nay, there was coffee left i' the can, an' I've got some bread and cheese here," he rejoined, without looking at her. "I'm a-thinkin' o' goin' on the train to Salisbury—I've a bit o' business to see to there, so I reckon to put up Prince after he's shod somewhere nigh the station, an' call for en on my way back. Don't wait dinner for me. I'm not like to be back till dark."

Honesty gazed at him without speaking. How gaily they would have set out for the little jaunt together had their relations been as of old! Now she shrewdly suspected that the expedition was undertaken for the sole purpose of absenting himself from her.

Zachary had his back turned, and did not see her wistful eyes. After a pause he said:—

"You're not afeared to bide here by yourself? The farm's quite close—the folk down yonder 'ud hear ye if ye was to holler; or ye mid walk down an' bide there if ye feel lonesome—the van 'ud be safe locked up."

"I bain't afeared," rejoined Honesty; she could not bring herself to say that she would not feel lonely.

"No need for ye to get up yet," remarked her husband, after a moment's pause, still without looking at her; "'tis full early."

Honesty lay down again, and feigned drowsiness, but she took note of all Zachary's doings with senses

more than usually acute. He was shaving, so that he was not in such a hurry after all; he had only pretended haste to avoid talking to her. Did he think that she, of all people, would be the one to remind him of their doings last year? Lying curled up in her berth she wondered vaguely what he would say if she yielded to the impulse which still came to her at rare intervals, of throwing herself simultaneously into his arms and upon his mercy. Were they to spend all their lives like this, drifting further and further apart, strangers at heart for all their nearness?

But again that dread of the irreparable which overshadowed her in the same way as it overshadowed her husband (though from different causes) held her in check.

He went out presently, and she heard him addressing Prince in friendly tones, such as he never used to her now; then they went away together, the tread of man and beast, both heavy-footed, sounding for quite a long time in her ears.

At last all was silent, but Honesty lay still, watching the day brighten till the sunshine, pouring in through the narrow window, fell across her bed. Then she rose slowly, dressed, and began to set her wheeled house in order.

The space was so small, and her habitual industry so great that in a short time her labors were at an end. While waiting for the kettle to boil, she came to the door of the van and looked out.

Zachary's birthday had fallen on just such another golden, beneficent day as last year. The air was mild and warm, the field bathed in sunshine, birds fluttering about hedges now clothed in all their spring glory.

For Honesty external things had ceased to count. She was conscious in a dull, almost animal sort of way, of warmth and light: her habitual sense of wretchedness being only vaguely increased by wet or cold—the natural upleaping of the heart which comes to the young in response to nature's brighter moods being no longer hers. But to-day the beauty round her seemed to force itself upon her notice, and she reflected, with an additional pang, on the misfortune of being unhappy when all the world was gay.

Then, one by one, their proceedings on that day year recalled themselves to her mind: the setting forth in the morning, Zachary blithe as a boy, as he said; their subsequent blissful wanderings about the mossy glades, their merry little meals together. She could see Zachary's face surmounted by his paper cap, and smiled at the recollection; but almost immediately her face clouded over. How impossible it was even to imagine Zachary doing anything of the kind again! Zachary, who had worn his forty years so lightly had now become a grave, silent, dour companion of whom she felt afraid. The master of her life, whom she never seemed to please, the judge who was always weighing her in the balance and finding her wanting.

And a few short hours at Pendleton Farm had wrought this miserable transformation! Oh, if they had never gone there! Better still if she had never lived there, if Robert had never crossed her path. It was Robert who had brought about all her misfortunes—even that one happy day last year—the mere sight of him had spoilt it for her. A shadow had come over both her and Zachary from the moment when the hoof-beats of his galloping horse had fallen on their ears.

As she stood leaning against the lintel of the door, she conjured up that bygone scene. The white cloth with their little feast set forth; Zachary seated beside her wearing his comical cap: closing her eyes she seemed to

feel the soft warmth of the mossy bank, to smell the fragrance of the gorse, to hear the breeze rustling overhead—and then the galloping horse—the rapid hoof-beats mingling with those of the cob, its companion, the crackling of branches as they scrambled over the bank. She could hear it all now in fancy.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and leaned forward: was it fancy? The ground was really vibrating to the sound of quickly advancing hoofs. Twigs were breaking—now, over the hedge a few paces away from the van, the figures of a horse and rider suddenly appeared, and in another moment, clearing the tangled growth, landed on the grass beside her.

"Robert!" she exclaimed, almost voicelessly. "What brings ye here?"

"So it *is* yo Mrs. Honesty," he replied, coolly sitting back in his saddle and tilting up his hat the better to stare at her, it would seem.

"I thought I'd hunt you up, though I could hardly believe the shabby fellow I saw just now at the forge was your husband. I fancied you'd better taste, my girl."

"Was you talkin' to my husband?" gasped she.

"Not I, indeed; I was having a drink at the Black Horse down yonder, when your good man came along, and the landlord told me who he was, thinking I'd be interested because of his being my cousin. Oh, they knew all about your marriage, and about him too: he's well-known in these parts, it seems. They said I'd probably find you here, this being his favorite camping-ground."

"You are going out hunting, are you?" said Honesty, stammeringly; saying at random the first thing that came into her head in her anxiety to avoid touching on personal matters.

Robert was wearing the pink coat in which she had last seen him; his face in the searching morning light looked red and coarse: as she gazed she marvelled at her former infatuation for him. Those hard, cold eyes!—how could she ever have thought them handsome! The full lips, smiling insolently now: the hair, crisp and curling, but growing low over the brow—she grew hot with shame at the recollection of how, in her childish way, she had admired them all.

One benevolent glance from Zachary's eyes, one of his kindly smiles, was worth all the bold good looks of the florid, dissipated man before her.

"Well, I did intend to," he rejoined impatiently. "But I'm not so sure now—its a long way to the meet and its hardly worth the fag so late in the season. Hullo! is that your kettle boiling in there?" Bending forward he peered through the narrow doorway of the van. "Haven't you had breakfast yet?"

"No," she rejoined, as she turned within to lift the kettle off the stove.

"Hubby coming back for it?"

"I don't think so," she said again, regretting the admission almost directly she had made it.

"Then I'll tell you what, my dear, I'll have a cup of tea with you. I'm uncommon sharp set, and it will be fun to talk over old times."

"No, you can't have any breakfast here," said Honesty, decidedly; "I'm sure my husband wouldn't like it. There's only enough for one anyhow," she added hastily.

"What, is the fellow jealous?" asked Robert, with a loud laugh. "That's a good joke. Very ungrateful, though, since it was by my advice you married him. Don't forget that."

"I don't forget," returned she, keeping her face averted. Could she ever forget, indeed, her own inconceivable folly in asking for such advice?

"If I'd seen the gentleman I doubt if I'd have done it though," resumed

he, watching her. "You might have made a good match, Honesty. You were always a pretty maid, and you've kept your good looks—in fact I think you're better-looking than you were—in spite of everything."

"What do you mean by that?" she cried, whisking round.

"I've heard a few queer things," said he, "but if you drive me away, how can I tell you about them? You don't really mean to send me away, do you? You used to be such a kindly girl, always pleased to see Cousin Robert."

"I think you'd better go now," said Honesty, speaking with as much coolness and dignity as she could muster. "I know what is true myself, an' there's no use in me worryin' myself about tales flyin' about the country. Good-bye, Cousin Robert. You can give my love to Uncle Jonathan, if you do like."

"He's past all that sort of thing now," returned Robert, carelessly.

"Is he worse, then?" cried Honesty, with real concern.

"You don't care to hear any of my news," returned he, tauntingly. "I've seen your father too. I could tell you something about *him*—but never mind—I'll find some breakfast elsewhere, you stony-hearted little vixen," he added with an ill-humored laugh. "I suppose I mustn't expect any mercy from you since you turned out the old man to starve."

"What's that?" cried she, falling for the second time into the trap he laid for her. "That isn't true, Cousin Robert. My husband do pay for his keep."

"If you was to see the old fellow, you'd think it true enough," retorted Robert. "But ta-ta, my dear."

He rode a few yards into the field and then wheeling, put spurs to his horse, which took the fence obediently, the clatter of its retreating hoofs presently resounding along the road.

Honesty withrew into the van, shutting the door and sinking down into her chair. The scorn of herself and of that fatal bygone mistake of hers which had seized her since Robert's apparition, seemed to grow and grow with each succeeding moment until it absolutely overwhelmed her.

It was to that man, whose revelation of coarseness and brutality had but now been so complete—it was to that man that she had humiliated herself—her own voluntary act had placed her at his mercy. At the moment when her choice had lain between him and Zachary, she turned to him and he had trampled her under foot! She had made so little of herself that even he scorned her. How could she expect any one else to respect her? No wonder that tales were flying about the country—that folks were even ready to believe that she had turned her father out to starve.

She was so completely sunk in her stupor of misery that she did not perceive the opening of the door: it was not until roused by the touch of a hand on her shoulder that she looked up to find Robert standing beside her.

"This time I have taken French leave," he remarked gaily. "Can't get any decent food at the Black Horse, so you'll just have to give me some. Boil up that kettle again—there's a good little woman. Here I am and here I mean to stay, anyway."

He stepped past her, and dropping into Zachary's chair, picked up the kettle and replaced it on the stove.

Honesty sprang up, her eyes flashing angrily.

"You get out o' this, Robert Shart," she cried; "I'll not have ye here, I say. This is my husband's van, an' I'm in charge. Ye can't have bite or sup wi'out his leave."

"I wonder," said Robert, leaning

back with a sneer, "how many bites and sups you've had at our place in your time? I'm going to pay myself back whether you give me leave or not."

Stretching across her, he cut a thick slice from the loaf, and proceeded to butter it.

"So the old chap's jealous, is he?" he remarked presently, with his mouth full. "Think of that now! If he were to see us sitting here together like two little love-birds I wonder what he'd say. It's very cosy in this van—I'm glad I thought of coming——"

"At least I'll not sit here with you," cried Honesty, passionately. "'Tisn't acting a man's part to force your way in like this. I'll not bide here."

"Oh yes, you will, my dear," returned Robert, "you'll stay here and talk to me. You've grown a pretty woman; people were right when they told me that, and I like pretty women. Even if hubby does come back I fancy I could be a match for him, but we'll have that door shut. There's a bit of a draught."

As he stretched across her with the intention of closing the door, he paused, for the gate near at hand had swung open with a loud creaking sound, and a heavy foot was heard approaching.

"Honesty," cried Zachary's voice without, "I've come back arter all. I thought ye mid fancy the trip to Salisbury yourself."

An hour ago her heart would have leaped at this sign of returning kindness, but now she sat as though transfixed; the relief, which she would naturally have felt at being delivered from Robert being swallowed up in dread of what must now ensue.

Robert, however, rising with a swaggering laugh, placed himself in the doorway; he had a cup in one hand and a piece of bread in the other.

"Who's this?" cried Zachary.

Honesty had believed that she knew every tone of his heart, but this one was new.

She clambered down hastily; but by pushing her on one side, he went closer to the van—"I know ye," he cried quickly—"you're the man what nearly rode us down at Shillingstone Hill this day year. You're the man what called me 'mountebank.'"

"Hullo!" rejoined the other, "I believe 'tis the chap in the paper cap—so it is! I didn't recognize you at the forge. And I suppose you were the girl in the blue and yellow sunbonnet," he added, turning to Honesty. "Sorry I didn't find that out at the time—you might have introduced me—though, indeed, you ought to know me, Cousin Zachary, you and me bearing the same name."

"The same name!" repeated Zachary slowly. "Are you Robert Shart, then?"

He turned his eyes on his wife with something of the slow awful look which may be seen in the eyes of the dying.

Honesty had pretended not to recognize her cousin at Shillingstone Hill a year ago, but the mere sight of him had scared her almost to death. She was mortally scared now—and the man was hidden within their very home.

Honesty felt her husband's look scorching her, and there seemed to be a leaden weight upon her eyes. She could not raise them, still less could she open her lips in self-defence.

Suddenly she heard his voice uplifted in a very tempest of rage:—

"Come down! Come out o' that van, or I'll brain ye where ye stand."

She could not look up, but heard the ring of Robert's spurred feet upon the steps.

"Be quick," said Zachary, in a choked voice, "very quick, else I'll not answer for myself."

"Come," returned Robert, with a

careless laugh. "It's foolish of you to want to fight me on Honesty's account. I left her to you—I could have had her myself if I'd wanted her."

Zachary, who had made a threatening gesture, now dropped his arm, standing as though turned to stone.

"If I'd cared," went on Robert—"if I'd so much as lifted my finger!" He broke off with a jeering laugh, continuing after a moment, "she wasn't as good-looking then as she is now, or things might have turned out differently, but I *had* the first chance, hadn't I, Honesty?"

In the dead silence which ensued, Honesty heard the swaying of her husband's body as he turned towards her once more.

"I—I——," she faltered.

With a desperate effort she raised her eyes, and saw his face, distorted, terrible. She covered her own with her hands and burst into wild sobbing.

There was a rush of feet, the sound of a fall, then the gate banged, and dropping her hands she saw Zachary rising from the ground. He came slowly forward, wiping his face with a handkerchief; as he drew near she saw that a cut on his forehead was bleeding.

"He was too quick for me," he said in a dull tone; "he tripped me up and escaped me that way."

He seemed to be speaking more to himself than to her, and stood beside her for a moment dabbing at the cut, and then looking at the blood on his handkerchief in a vacant way.

"What's the use, after all?" he went on, still as though thinking aloud: "if I'd ha' killed him it wouldn't ha' made no difference."

"Zachary," began Honesty scarcely breathing the word above a whisper. Then as he glanced up she stopped short. How could she throw herself upon the mercy of a man who looked at her like that.

"Can ye deny what ye said?" asked Zachary, grasping her suddenly by the arm. "Tell me the truth now—or stop, don't speak—don't tell me a lie! Don't say a word if ye can't deny it."

His clutch on her wrist hurt her; the power of his will held her in still more deadly grip. Her eyes gazed up into his, fascinated, but her lips were dumb.

He drew a short breath, and seemed to take a sudden resolve.

"Get into the van," he said, loosing her, "I'll go back for the harse, an' we'll get on—we'll get as far from this place as we can."

Honesty stumbled up the steps, pausing within the doorway.

"I'll bide here till ye do come back," she said. "'Ees," rejoined he, in a peculiar tone. "Ye *will* bide here, an' I'll see as ye don't have no visitors."

As he spoke he withdrew the key from the inner side of the door and fixed it in the exterior.

"Zachary?" cried she, passionate anger in her voice, "ye bain't a-goin' to lock me in!"

"'Tis the very thing I be a-goin' to do," he rejoined, his eyes glaring up at her sombrely from out of his livid face. "I'll make sure o' ye since I can't trust ye."

She flung out her hands, suffocating with indignation. "Don't," she cried, "don't lock me up, Zachary! don't insult me. I can't bear it." She caught at the hand that held the key, endeavoring to deter it from its purpose. "I don't deserve it, neither—Robert's comin' here was none o' my doin'—I—I hate the very sight o' him."

"So ye did tell I before," rejoined Zachary, bitterly. "Ye did tell I that tale. Ye hate him, yet 'twas him ye gave the first chance to! An' he don't care for you—so he says, yet the minute my back's turned he comes here arter you! You want to deceive me again as ye did want to deceive me all

along. Yes, ye did deceive me—from the very first. I did think ye an angel o' goodness—I did think there was nothin' i' the world to compare with ye" —his voice wavered and he broke off, continuing after a moment with renewed fierceness—"an' all the time in your heart ye was a fallen woman."

Honesty uttered a choked cry, and fell backwards against the table, but Zachary, closing the door, turned the key in the lock.

The Times. (*To be continued.*)

A TUSCAN VILLA.

La Striscia (The Strip) is an estate some five miles long by some two broad, spread all to the sun upon the northern side of a great valley. When I saw it spring was only as yet announcing herself and in shady places one could always feel chilly; yet even then at midday the hot air shook above the countryside and the blue rim of the hills was faint with a haze of heat. In the summer they must keep warm without much trouble.

Favored thus greatly by its situation and even more greatly by its soil, this place in its lower parts has an abundant wealth of olive and vine; upon the higher slopes the ilex grows everywhere. This dull, dark evergreen, though it lacks the changing beauty of our beeches and oaks, drapes its own rather terrifying hills suitably enough. It has, moreover, the merit of affording a super-excellent charcoal over which much good food is cooked every day in Italy and elsewhere, and by which comes gold into the pockets of my friend, the Padrone of Striscia. For three reasons, then, æsthetic, gastronomic and financial, the ilex is to be esteemed. It is also, when large, a thick and shady tree, and is good for nymphs in the heat of the day.

In the matter of olives, Striscia lies perhaps twenty, perhaps thirty miles to the south of Lucca with the whole of the Arno valley between, and the olives of Striscia ripen beneath almost the same sun that pours succulence and worth into the berries of God's own peculiar olive-yard up there under the end of the Carrara mountains. The oil of Striscia is a sweet oil and a fair. As to its wine, it is the wine of Tuscany and that is good enough for anybody.

The ilex, the olive and the vine—these are the staples of Striscian agriculture, but all else that may be needed is to be grown there. The place is rich above soil and below: you should isolate Striscia from all the world, and she need not care. With oil to make her face to shine, she has wine in abundance to make glad her heart, and corn to strengthen it withal, charcoal to cook her bread, flax to clothe her body, great oxen for her leather (when they have labored long enough), goats and sheep and all that they yield for dairy and kitchen; bees, pigeons—oh! I should tire you with the rest of the catalogue. There is a disused copper mine somewhere, only waiting to be worked again—it would give the cook fine saucepans and casseroles—and there is iron in the hills and a sulphur spring of marvellous healing quality. But of all good things there the air they breathe is perhaps the very best.

This estate is cultivated on the profit-sharing system, which is common throughout Tuscany. The owner of the whole (the Padrone) lets out the farms which compose it to peasant

families who pay rent in kind and in labor. Of each crop half goes to the farmer and half to the proprietor; it is as simple as that. The peasants give their labor, receiving no wages; the proprietor concerns himself with all capital expenditure, the draining, the repairs made necessary by rain-floods and the works that shall combat them, the maintenance of the roads and so forth. He also sees his people through bad times, and they are supposed to repay his advances when things prosper again with them. In practice, I understand, this debt is not generally considered a very good one by the Padrone. As each crop comes to maturity there is a great division on the terrace in front of the fattoria, a great weighing and measuring and entering of figures in account-books. Then the peasants go away leaving their stuff in the hands of the Padrone to sell for them; or they can remove it for their own use or marketing; it is just as they please. The olive presses and the vine presses, the oil store and the vats, being in the cellars of the fattoria, the olives and the grapes stay behind until at least their blessed juices have been extracted and made ready for consumption. Then the peasant may withdraw so much as he pleases of his share in the total produce of the crop; as the rest is sold he is credited with the proportion of the receipts.

It must be fine to be there at one of these divisions, in October, say, when the loaded carts, all dropping with grapes, creak to the terrace, each behind its yoke of shining oxen. There must be a great noise, for every one will undoubtedly have much to say and there will be a great many people to say it. And they will all be burned black with the sun and they will be stained red with grape-juice and there will be much movement of thin brown hands and much exposure of fine white teeth; for the jests will go about and about, and everybody will be excessively proud of his grapes and eager to maintain their superiority to the grapes of everybody else.

In under the big black archway of the great cellars, out of the glare and heat of the afternoon, they will be pouring grapes by the barrelful into large presses, and all around the monster vats will be standing patient in the shadows, thirsty for the good drink that they are soon to hold.

Some day, God willing, I shall see the harvest of the vines of Striscia, and then I shall know more about it than I do now. For the present I can only imagine it as something very notable, very ancient and very southern.

The house of my friend the Padrone and the fattoria are under one roof; that is to say the fattore and fattoressa have the top storey and the Padrone and the Padrona have the one below it. This is not a usual arrangement, but it is very convenient, because the Padrone practises the law in Edinburgh during most of the year, and when he and the Padrona come to Striscia they find the fattoressa waiting upstairs to cook for them. This is not only convenient, but it is magnificent—I remember an artichoke omelette—but I was telling you about this house. It is solid and large and square with a low-pitched roof of those red-grey Italian tiles which are so delightful to look at and so impossible to paint, and its sides are all covered with plaster, baked by the sun and washed by the rain into every exquisite tint of brown and yellow. Plaster in England is an abomination, but at Striscia it is five miles from so much as a village, and the elements are allowed to work their miracles upon it unhampered by smoke and fog and other kill-joys of

the kind—I speak of plaster, mind you, not of stone with which smoke and fog prove themselves real artists, as any one can see for himself in the course of a 'bus-ride along Whitehall.

A warm sensation of comfort emanates from every inch of this building. Its effect is felt as far as the eye can discern the place, so cosy does it sit on the hillside, its back pressed, as among cushions, against ilex woods. It appears even to have snuggled—like a luxurious girl—in among those cushions, for to either side there is a spur of the big mountain that hangs above it to keep the north wind away. And the face of the house is to the fire—that is to say, the sun; and its feet lie upon a pleasant carpet—the home acres of olive and wine.

But if—a mile away—the house looks comfortable, how much more does it rejoice the heart when it is seen at closer quarters beyond the grey stems of the cypresses upon the carriage drive; and when, closer still, the big archway which is to receive the traveller suddenly frames a waving Padrona, how very certain he becomes that he is going to be superlatively entertained! "Here," he declares, "is a house worthy to contain hospitable people, and here are people worthy to live in so hospitable a house. Is it well with my soul?" he asks, and his wife, beside him in the back of the Padrone's car, replies, "It is well."

Inside the front door is a great square hall: logs—it is still early in the year for house-life—send forth their sweet smell and sweeter warmth; one perceives comfortable chairs, a table with tea things upon it, a dumb-curate with its layers of provisions. It is very well with one's soul. Around this hall hang on brackets nothing less than Etruscan burial-urns. For the soil of Striscia has a wealth additional even to those which I have enumerated. This country, you are to remember, has been civilized for three thousand years. Before Rome was born or thought of, Volterra, over there across the ridges, was a great city, dominated all the land from Siena to the sea, owned Elba and worked minerals there, scourged the Mediterranean with her pirate galleys, mined her own alabaster (as she does to-day), and built walls at which we still stand amazed. So, on Striscia, no one who drives in a spade can be sure that he may not presently unearth some string of beads that adorned fair flesh, dead and dust this thirty centuries. He may with equal likelihood thrust his iron against a spear-head or a helmet that failed to ward off his doom from some contemporary of Dante. For Volterra has always been Volterra and for some small part of her history waged war vigorously with an upstart Florence away to the north. It is indeed an old country, and has been a fierce one in its long day. What has there not passed upon that wide, serene landscape that begins with the gardens of Striscia, of battle and sudden death, of marchings and countermarchings, of remote Etruscan invasion and nearer Mediæval bickering, of ruined homestead and ravished women, of blood and flame and lust and cruelty! How many human beings have died violently within sight of our Padrone's drawing-room windows!

So, on Striscia, while they plant their cabbages, they dig up burial-urns older than Romulus, and hang them in their halls. And from the sides of these urns gracious ancient ladies and gentlemen, wine cup in hand and reclined upon beds, look down on the tea-table and wonder, perhaps, that we should squat in chairs, so inelegantly, for our banquet. They serve us as a *memento mori* and as a subject

for our light conversation. Peace to the ashes that once dwelt in those urns. They were the ashes of artists at any rate. It is quite certain that nobody will ever hang my coffin up for the admiration of his guests.

If you go out of this hall through the door to the bedroom-wing, turn sharp to the right and put your head through a window that is there, you will find yourself looking down into a small white-washed chapel from above and behind the altar. You are in the Padrone's pew. It is a pleasant surprise that I offer you here. Fill the place (in your imagination) with a devout peasantry all in their best clothes, put the priest at the altar in rich mediæval attire and conceive yourself responsible (as is my friend the Padrone, who, you may remember, practises law in Edinburgh during most of the year) for the bodily and spiritual welfare of all that congregation, and you will have some small idea of what it is to be master of a Tuscan estate, where the *jus primae noctis* was abolished but fifty short years ago, and to be at the same time a good Episcopalian with a proper horror of Rome and the practices of Rome.

All in front of the bedroom-wing runs a terrace and from this you descend to a second, a square one. Here you suddenly find yourself as on a tower. For below you on two sides is the falling hill. On the third, under your hand, is the Terrace of Distribution and behind is the house. The effect is sensational. From this point you gain at last a proper notion of the immensity of the prospect. Cut off all at once from the solid earth, projected from the house without warning into space and there isolated, you seem to hang dizzily out above a tremendous valley that rolls its floor like the waves of the sea from one horizon to the other. The high land to the south-east, that closes the view there, seems to menace instant destruction, like some vast heaved-up tidal-wave encountered in mid-ocean. But all remains still and, taking heart, you permit your eye to seek out the green meadows that fringe a watercourse a short mile away, and the roof of a mill assures you that men can live in this place and not die of fear. And taking further heart to analyze your sensations you perceive that it is perhaps Volterra which is troubling you.

This appalling town masters the whole scene. It lies all along the skyline of the principal hill and look where you may you cannot keep your eyes long from it. It insists upon your notice like a snake with a rabbit.

The detail of Volterra, as seen from Striscia, can be told in six words. Two towers and a long wall. But I cannot convey to you the savage effect of the place.

When first I beheld the town I knew nothing of it but its fearful name, which I must have read in my school books. Its history was for me a quite blank page; its geographical position was settled in my mind hazily as somewhere in Italy.

Yet, when the motor car after its long climb from Castel Fiorentino, swung round the last corner and the new great prospect which I had been anticipating for the previous five minutes lay spread below my eyes, I swear that my heart jumped, when I saw Volterra on its hill, as if I had been suddenly confronted with something essentially and exorbitantly wicked.

I shall never get it out of my mind that it is a bad place. I do not see how it can be any other. Tell me now, why has it hooked itself up there, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea? No honest town has need of such a situation. It is a place from which

to descend suddenly, into which as suddenly to retire. It is a home for bloody-minded people, pirates, harriers of peaceful homes, cattle-reavers, incendiaries. And though pastimes of that nature are no longer permitted in Italy the appetite for them cannot have died out. Such a position must nourish every evil tendency from pride downwards.

At close quarters this town gains nothing in graciousness. The horrid great clefts and chasms into which successive landslides have wrenched its hill are, to be sure, rich with vines and olives, but somehow these yards do not smile as the yards of other places. The road winds up and up, precipices falling away on the left hand and springing aloft on the right, and above all Volterra hangs, on the edge of vacancy, daring you to come near its ragged line of empty houses and toppling towers. This is its most hospitable face. At the other, the eastern end of the hill, it greets the traveller with a homicide's prison that would seem built to hold all the murderers in the world. I was never inside the gates at Volterra—God forbid it!—but through one of them I saw a long, dark, dirty street where villainous women in grey felt hats moved suspiciously in the gloom. And the other gate that I saw was built by the Etruscans. It has seen some odd comings and goings.

It is, then, chiefly, this Volterra which, I am convinced, gives so sinister an air to the fat and smiling landscape that spreads itself in front of Striscia's windows. But I would not, on that account, remove Volterra. Its loss might render the view commonplace. I say it might, for there is a certain dreadful quality about this volcanic region which, I believe, does not depend upon the menace of Volterra. Here is the same rolling country, here the same peculiar "style" in the sky-line of the hills, the same melting blue of the distances, the same wealth of cultivation that may be found in other parts of Tuscany: but beneath all these genial and beautiful qualities I discover enormous age as I do not discover it elsewhere. The truth is, I dare say, that it is all far younger than many a younger-looking countryside; for a tempestuous youth still grins triumphant through all the paint and powder of middle age, while a placid life shows its placidity at a hundred and three.

I say this land looks old—old immeasurably. Not the Alps have made me so ephemeral in my own eyes. Man has covered every acre in sight with his handiwork, for perhaps fifty hundreds of years; he has all this time planted and pruned and harvested here the twin plants of his affection; and it is all, manifestly, as transient as the mist of breath on a mirror. One cannot believe in the ordered rows of olives and vines, the roofs that show here and there, the mill ponds and the high-roads. They have been here so short a time and they will pass so quickly that they are of no account at all. And as one looks they seem indeed to vanish altogether away and one gazes shuddering over a valley of the primordial past peopled by satyrs that jibber and leer among the ilex trees.

On the second afternoon of our visit the Padrona took us upstairs to see the fattoressa. We discovered her in the linen room. This is a very important place and the fattoressa when she is displaying its wonders is a very important lady. For all the linen of the establishment is in her charge and there is a great deal of it and she is very proud of her duty towards it.

The room was large, airy, cool, stone-paved and smelt delicately of lavender. Here was no poky cupboard

such as is the house of English linen; here no tight packing and squeezing. A table and three vast, ancient, beautiful wardrobes was all the furniture of the room, and when the doors of these wardrobes were opened, behold! in each a miracle of order and sweetness. Everything in its place, everything folded and piled with an astonishing and delightful accuracy; sheets, towels, pillow covers, so many of each to the pile, each pile tied with a pretty ribbon, on each its little bag of lavender; and plenty of air to circulate between the piles and colored tissue paper interposed between the units of each pile. If thus lovingly does this fattoressa care for her linen, how admirable must be the lot of the human beings who look to her for their comfort. In those shelves I read the secret of that artichoke omelette. Yes, and of a certain risotto and of a certain roasted turkey to boot. A perfect house-wife was responsible for the perfect condition of all. Time, they say, was made for slaves. They lie. It was made for artists, as the fattoressa knows very well.

Then were produced and shown to us priests' robes, rich mediæval vestments of endless diversity and adorable beauty of color and design, laundered beyond belief, pressed and folded to a miracle, laid up in lavender and tissue paper—robes beyond price; funeral clothing, marriage clothing, christening clothing, clothing for Sundays and Saints' days, for Easter and Lent, and High Mass and Low Mass and every other kind of Mass, if there are any others. This is a very sacred charge of the fattoressa's, and we hushed our voices as we gazed upon the fine things that she brought out and laid so reverently upon the table and the whole linen room became sanctified--almost a church—by reason of her very impressive manner.

Then we went into the kitchen, which was still more to my liking. I saw a great open hearth and chimney (oh, joyful nook when the winter's wind howls from Volterra!) raised high above the floor and, in the step, a line of little openings where charcoal fires burn to make artichoke omelettes and what not; and all about were burnished copper vessels that made glorious this dignified apartment, vessels which you and I would set in the place of honor in our drawing-rooms, there to hold the envious eyes of guests, vessels in which these lucky Italian peasants cook their dinners day by day. Elsewhere there were bedrooms, I believe, but I did not see them at all. Wherever I was led my mind was entirely occupied with the memory of copper pots and little charcoal hearths. I was wondering what, between them, they would have conjured out of commonplace ingredients by dinner time.

Then we went into the wine cellars.

You of the suburbs (I, too, am of the suburbs) who imagine a wine cellar to be a cupboard insinuated between the boot-hole and the pantry, you of the flat dwelling (I, too, am of the flat dwelling) who haply keep your bottles behind the piano, bid now your little limited fancy to reach out into immensities of vinous gloom, expand now your conceptions towards inabsorbable quantities of liquor. Here you are among the colossal foundations of the fattoria and all around stand the great silent beautiful vats each as high as two men and a small boy. The candle rays light dimly their fair oval faces, but it is beyond candle made to explore the recesses of their long beds. Out of the darkness looms a vat-head; where the big barrel ends, who shall say? One peers curiously at the dim suggestion of vast rotundities that stretch, immeasurable, into darkness. And beyond

this vat is another and a third; and others face them; and we little men walk between and look dumbly upon them, august. They give the effect of creatures, stalled great living things, that wait upon the departure of intrusives to resume the degustation and assimilation of their liquor in the silence that befits those processes.

In any of them twenty men might comfortably drown.

It is a solemn thing to stand in the presence of so much fine drink. The suburban ear, accustomed to the sound of wine in dozens of bottles, listens now to his conductors, reckoning lightly in thousands of great fat fiaschi, as to persons who talk astronomy. Their computations are meaningless. One can grapple with the idea of a dozen of red wine. But ten thousand! Are there the throats to ingurgitate so much? It is fantastic. These oceans of liquor exist only for persons endowed with the widest credulity. And I am asked to believe that they stand around me in this cellar. Nay then! I will accept the statement because I must, because I have confidence in the Padrona and the Padrone who make it, because I know they cannot lie. In the same way I take the astronomers seriously when they speak to me of interstellar distances. But in each case the impression left upon me must be equally vague. As I leave the astronomers convinced of no more than that there is plenty of room in the sky, so I quit this cavern with a belief definite only to the point of leading me to feel no anxiety as to the supply of drink in Tuscany.

It gave me something of a shock to find gleaming steel presses in the outer chamber of the oil store; but I suppose that sort of thing is inevitable. The crushing apparatus revived me; it was beautiful and ancient of design and looked as if it had done a hundred years of work at least. I would not have olives handled by anything ugly or modern. And the jars in which the sweet juice is stored made my soul sing aloud for delight. Great, pot-bellied, made of red-earth, they stood in long rows, each painted with a respectable heraldic device; their shape was opulent and worthy of the contents. They seemed to have grown fat with swallowing much oil.

Within their round mouths lay the oil, dark green, glowing. "Still as oil," say the Italians, and never was there a juster simile discovered. It soothes a man to look at it. It certainly thinks happy, calm thoughts, this introspective comestible. Where the light struck it, it shone like a jewel; but how greatly more precious it was than any stone may be! Ask the salad-eaters of Tuscany, which is to say the Tuscans. Little cups were produced, and we toasted the oil—in oil. Would you drink the oil in your cruet stand? Perhaps, under a doctor's compulsion. You would fight for the oil of Striscia. It goes down like some fine liquor.

We left it to its beautiful meditations.

That night I awoke from dreams of unimaginable abundance to the furious baying of a dog, and I knew that something had perturbed the great beast of the Maremma which the Padrone keeps loose about the house at night. His name is Bravo, and he is the size of a small man on all fours, snow white, toothed like a crocodile and woolly as the sheep which his forefathers have guarded for centuries. He is one of those dogs with which it is well to be on good terms. A most amiable person with the household; but not kind at all to robbers.

As Bravo was so busy I presumed —after about ten minutes of it—that wicked men were coming to cut all

our throats. I am only an Englishman, remember, and by nature nervous in foreign lands. I rose and opened the shutter.

The full moon rode high and the whole vast valley was lit for my admiration. The encircling hills, black from distance, seemed more than ever menacing, more than ever in huge motion towards me, more than ever the monstrous billows of a monstrous ocean. Volterra on its crag sent me a cheery hint of murder by night. Beneath my window Bravo, his teeth bared, sat on his tail and shrieked his challenge to all prowlers in the dark. I crouched by the window, shivering in the keen air, my ears cocked for any suspicious sound. Presently it came. A window had undoubtedly opened.

Then I heard the Padrone's voice, low pitched, expostulating with his animal. I think he was afraid of waking us if he spoke too loudly and harshly.

"Bravo!" he cooed. "Bravo!"

Not at all.

William Caine.

The British Review.

SOME COMPENSATIONS OF AGE.

". . . . . *I summon age*
To grant youth's heritage."

I doubt whether the patriarchs were wiser than we who live more reasonable lengths of years. Their "long habit of living" indisposed them for dying, and robbed them of the just sense of proportion which age brings to us when it comes with not too indecent haste. The thousand fugitive links of thought which, broken almost before they are formed, connect our mental resting-places, and give them meaning by bringing them into relation with the whole vibrating string of ideas, could not have been to those whose lives moved leisurely through unnumbered quinquenniads of years the sources of wisdom they are to us, to whom age comes in time to teach the interpretation of them.

In youth we delight in the will-o'-the-wisp pursuit of things as they are supposed to be in themselves, detached, separate, independent. Age forces us to seek the relations of things; it changes things into events. We begin life with five senses; if we are wise to learn of our advancing years we may end it with six, the subtlest of which is the sense of proportion.

It is not everyone whom age compensates with the gifts which proportion the loss of youth. They who never get past the stage of taking lessons never acquire the instinct of proportion. These people are constantly busy with their many little victories. This month sees them painfully learning scraps of a foreign tongue; last month they were instructed in the proper method of breathing, and in rhythmic movements; next week they propose to devote to chewing; last week was given to paper-bag cookery and the art of concealing vegetarian dishes in forms fitted to deceive the weaker brethren. Possessing no standards, everything has for them an absolute value, or no value at all. Black and white are the dominant colors, almost the only colors, in the picture which life presents to them. Even in summer their mornings are grey and their days are dull; their sunsets are always done by a two-color process.

But to those who have not allowed "the vision splendid" quite "to fade into the light of common day," age brings great compensations. They are inheritors of the promise, *At eve-*

ning time shall be light. The clouds which surround their declining sun move very quietly in the pellucid air, touched by deeper if soberer colors than their mornings saw. The separate pieces of the picture of their lives glow, as the glass glows in the church of Our Lady of Chartres when it is pierced by the light of the setting sun. The sun shines as it used to shine; but the prism of their experiences breaks the white light into many colors. Age uses the sadnesses of life as prisms of great resolving power to reveal the infra-red and the ultra-violet parts of life's spectrum, invisible to more youthful eyes which see only crude blue, and red and yellow. Photographic plates become sensitive to infra-red and ultra-violet rays when they have been immersed in certain dyes. One of the noblest compensations that age has to give is given when the advancing years dip the plate, made ready by life's experience, into the sensitizing dye of a deeper, a more fearful love than youth ever knew, and, exposing it to the evening light, impress upon it for ever the eternal verities named faith and hope.

Life is often spoken of as a journey. In the fresh air of morning, the youth is full of sprightly thoughts; he delights in the joys that are so near him; he has neither time nor inclination to look far afield; the passing hour is fulfilled with good things; what is past casts no shadows, what is to come casts none either. As age comes, I think the foreground becomes clearer, and, instinctively, one's eyes are raised to see the distances. If hills rise out of the plain, merely to climb them used to be joy enough; we, older people, make ascents that we may enjoy wider views of the varied valleys and running rivers before and behind us. We climb more slowly than in former years, and choose less meandering paths. But age makes us this compensation: the hills are no longer hills to be climbed for the joy of climbing; they have become "specular mounts," whence, looking down, we survey the land, and, looking up, perchance "a new planet swims into our ken."

To regard life as a bundle of limited and very definite objects, to be attained by using certain means which are obtrusively self-evident to the man himself, is one of the marks of a youthful outlook on the world. Age opens a finer vision. By unfolding some of life's complexities, it gives boldness and encourages an adventurous spirit; and by the same process of widening the view, age causes men to concentrate their endeavors on the particular business, their admiration on the particular delights, of to-day while it is called to-day. The young man lives in the future, which he identifies with the present by forgetting the past. He to whom age is teaching wisdom lives in the present, because he is realizing how closely the passing hour is linked with those that are past, and also with those that are to come. As a compensation for the fading of the feeling of aloofness from little pleasures and small sorrows, and the weakening of the certainty that all things are possible to them—two apparently contradictory mental states which are often co-existent in youthful people—advancing age dowers those whom life has fitted to receive the gift with a deepening sense of the transitoriness and the tragedy of humanity, a sense which carries with it a growing interest in the part one has oneself to play on the world's stage. It is a too intense personality which makes youth so impersonal. They who are starting on the race reverse the injunction, *Lose thyself to find thyself.* Their habit of introspection delays the great discovery; when they become aware of

the existence of an external world, that world is for a time unreal to them, and the limits of what is possible are still invisible. When the unexpected happens again and again, they are apt to lose trust in themselves; sometimes they become converts to the despairing creed of pessimism. By emphasizing the multifarious realities of the world outside ourselves, age brings home to us the vital importance of the personal life, and makes that life real by revealing its indissoluble connection with all other forms of life's manifestation.

These two are to be numbered among the most abiding compensations of age: a growing realization of the wisdom of nature's plan of developing the human type by intensifying the value of the personal life; and an increasing conviction that the meaning of reality is to be discovered, not by discussing phrases, but by "winning life's confidence by long comradeship."

The knowledge of the ways of human beings, and the ways of the external world, which age increases in wise men, brings home to them the closeness, the inter-penetrating character, of the connections between the parts of the whole reality which we call *nature*. As a man grows older, his wonder at the surpassing fineness, the subtle delicacy of the world grows day by day, and his delight in the richness of the world increases as his eyes hourly open. Kindly age sometimes makes a man like the four beasts in the *Revelation*, "full of eyes within." Contemplation of the netted beauty of some small part of nature may bring to him the adumbration of a vision of the whole, without parts save those which men make lest they be confounded by the perfection of the seamless garment. In that vision the robe ceases to be a covering for humanity; it becomes one with what it clothes. By helping us to realize the oneness of the world, age helps us to realize the importance of each part of the world, and gives to the individual life an importance that youth ignores. If the report which science brings be true, that not one of the many thousand corpuscles which, pulsating in ordered movements, form the speck we call an atom, could be annihilated without disturbing the equilibrium of the material universe, surely it must be true that humanity shall proceed on its slow journey toward the dimly discerned goal only when each human being plays his proper part in the pageant of death and life.

The compensation offered by age for the loss of youth's solitary, torrential rush, is the practical recognition of the truth that no man can injure others without hurting himself. That the intolerance of our youth should give place to the reasoned tolerance of our age is a great gain, for which a man may well be content to give some valuable things. For a growing tolerance means an increasing delight in what seem to intolerant youth the absurdities of human beings; it means the power of adding a wise playfulness to life; it means making more use of the faculty of embroidering the plain, fretting facts that form no inconsiderable part of every life; it means seeing a little more, though never more than a little, of the unlimited possibilities of existence; it means a step in the reconciliation of the scientific and poetic outlooks on the universe; it means a refusal to be satisfied with what Pater says is the question of æsthetics: "What, what exactly does this mean to me?" By it the littleness of many little things is made great, the greatness of great things is often diminished; it is an increase of the sense of proportion, that sense which is emphatically a gift of age.

An increase of the size and content

of the intellectual and emotional world wherein one lives increases the sense of freedom, intensifies the joy of living, gives spaciousness to familiar, household ways, makes admiration more satisfying by making it more reasonable. All these good things age may give, age sometimes gives, in exchange for the years we must surrender.

Among the many kinds of intellectual and emotional freedom that are increased by age, there are four which specially appeal to me.

The young man who takes a serious view of life is greatly troubled with conscientious calls to undertake this or that duty, to enter on such or such a course of conduct. His sense of proportion is not strong enough to protect him from the flattering fancy that the world has been ordered specially for him. Not having realized that part of his human business is to make reality, and persuaded that all things are possible for him, he magnifies the call of special circumstances till it is out of proportion to the rest of his life, and plunges into needless difficulties that may lead to cheap martyrdoms. By increasing our sense of proportion, age frees us from the inconsistency of conscientious calls, and shows us that they are often only financial temptations.

The shortsightedness of youth sometimes produces obstinacy in little things, what in Scotland we call *dourness*. That kind of obstinacy, pardonable in the young, is supremely foolish in the old. Not that all little things are diminished by growing years; but that, as age advances, it helps us to let the trifling things pass without concern. The mentally obstinate man goes about with a packet of labels in his pocket; he never hesitates to affix the proper label to each piece of his own or another's intellectual luggage. It is only by long-continued warm intimacy with the facts of life that one realizes the stupidity of constant labelling. In youth we delight in intellectualistic definitions; the rules of former logic are a joy, because, like hard grindstones, they cause sparks to fly when a young man lays the edge of his wit against them. Definitions and logical necessities are great producers of mental obstinacy. Age tends to free us from intellectual dourness, and, by doing so, discourages the manufacture and application of labels. You may, if you like, say it is all mental laziness. Put on your label by all means; the traveller may give you a tip for your trouble. It is the contents of the box he wants to use at the end of his journey.

The formula, *Of course it must be so, for that stands to reason*, is often in the mouths of those on whom age has not bestowed its gift of intellectual and emotional freedom. The assertion gives to him who makes it, in a convincing tone and with an authoritative gesture, the appearance of appealing to some great principle, some wide generalization; the words seem to lift one out of the worn ruts of daily traffic to some high road of the imagination. But it is only a phrase. It is used most commonly by people whose intellectual pathway is illuminated by Lilliputian rushlights, on whose coat-of-arms the mole is rampant. *Reason*, the standard to which the appeal is made, savors too much of the absolute to be useful as a measure of human affairs. The freedom which age increases includes deliverance from the tyranny of impossible standards. Each added year of a man's life should add something to the freedom wherewith he uses standards of intellectual, moral, and emotional well-being. Age should teach a man that a standard is a selected quantity of this or that thing in terms of which other quantities of the same thing are measured. A favorite argument of inaccurately-

minded people runs thus: By saying that this action is better than that, this ideal higher than the other, you admit the existence of an absolute standard of goodness, an absolute ideal which measures all ideals; to declare that one thing is better than another is to declare that it more nearly approaches the best; to measure degrees of goodness and of highness, you must know the best and the highest. To my thinking, the argument is utterly fallacious. In physical science, one is constantly measuring quantities of all kinds by standards which are purely relative to the quantities measured and to one another. To attempt to think of an absolute standard of length makes the brain reel; that way madness lies. After the Revolution, the French people were very young. They determined to have a new and an absolute standard of length. A commission of mathematical physicists measured the length of an arc of the meridian, that is, the distance from the Equator to the Pole, and constructed a bar of metal the length of which, under defined conditions, they declared to be exactly one ten-millionth of an arc of the meridian. That standard they took to be an absolute standard of length; they called it a *metre*. The youthful French nation rejoiced in their new, absolute standard. More accurate measurements have proved that the standard metre—that is, the bar of metal preserved at Paris—does *not* measure exactly one ten-millionth of the length of an arc of the meridian. But the exceeding usefulness of the metre as a standard is unaffected by this discovery. The metre never was, never could be, an absolute standard of length, because the words *absolute standard of length* have no meaning. Experience teaches the futility of seeking absolute standards. Age should stop our going after that wandering fire.

The fourth kind of freedom which one may reasonably look for as one of the compensations of age is freedom from being too easily bored. Later youth and middle age are the seasons wherein one suffers most from the boredom of persons and the boredom of circumstances. Youth dashes through these wearinesses and goes about its business unscathed. Charles Lamb cut from his coat the button which Coleridge had seized when he began, one morning, to discourse of "all things in heaven and earth, and a good many in neither," and found Coleridge still monologuing, with the button in his hand, when he returned from town in the evening. That is the way of the young. The middle-aged dare not use such drastic methods. Age discovers a less incisive cut. The older man says, with Rosalind, "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad." If he has travelled wisely on life's journey, he will add a new note to his admiration of the exceeding strangeness of nature's works, when he meets one of those whom the Apostle had learned to "suffer gladly," or finds himself in circumstances that would depress the spirit of a less adventurous wayfarer. It is when he cannot escape a bore, when he begins to fear that the pettiness of his immediate surroundings may produce in him a listlessness of spirit, that the exhilaration which age alone can give, by its power of widening the vision, enables a man to answer Touchstone's question, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" by a joyous affirmative. It is then that true wisdom, learned by close contact with the diverse facts of life, transmutes appearance into reality, fringes the commonplace with rare embroideries, turns over before the pleased philosopher another page of the book of nature's surprises.

I have said that age intensifies the joy of living, puts more meaning into familiar things, makes admiration deeper by making it more reasonable. I would dwell for a moment on this threefold expression of the compensating charity of age.

The active rest of age is nature's payment for the loss of youth's restless inaction. "In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of the hills," the older man sees the working of the law that change, action, becoming, are the marks of life. Accepting this law, not only because he must, but also because of the freedom it gives him from the inglorious quest of completed endeavor and listless rest, he grows into energetic sympathy with the hasteless joy of nature. It is thus that a greater joy of living comes to the old. The more he realizes that "nothing can be as it has been before," the more does he discover that happiness consists, not in the abundance of things a man possesses, a possession which brings only "sad satiety," but in the variety of interests he makes life give, in the ever-changing aspects of the moving pageant. It is true that the transitoriness of his own hopes, and joys, and sorrows adds something of melancholy to an old man's outlook. But that melancholy need not be ignoble or dispiriting; it may be consistent with a sure enjoyment of the present, a sweetening memory of the past, a sober hope for the future. It is intellectual and emotional inertness, lazily asking escape from change, which produces coldness of heart, the most fatal disease that afflicts humanity. The brooding sense of transitoriness that grows with the growing years sometimes renders mystical one's admiration of the wonderfulness of the world, by filling it with "the hunger for eternity." Only by accustoming oneself to live in the flux of events can one hope that age will bring the everyday duties of the common life into their true perspective. To him whose mind and heart are alert and active, the years reveal, at times, that the paths to fairyland lie very near the familiar household ways. The little dangers of daily life become less fearful as age strengthens the habit of hopefulness, which has its roots in the contemplation of never-ceasing change. It was in answer to the prayer of an old man that the eyes of Elisha's young servant were opened to see that "the mountain is full of chariots and horses of fire."

I come now to the last and the best compensation which age can give. Age replaces the young man's uncertain pursuit of reality, his uncriticised conviction that reality is to be found only in the attenuated regions of pure intellectualism, by a gradual revelation of the secret, that the one means of grasping the real is the wise use of all the experiences of life.

In the addition that he made to the song which Amiens sang in the forest of Arden, Jacques changed the refrain, *Come hither, come hither, come hither!* to *Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!* To the question, "What's that ducdame?" he replied, "'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle."

Among the good things that age gives is the power of refusing the call of the philosopher into a circle, by turning round wherein one becomes mentally giddy, and so confused that the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the longings and sadnesses of life, seem only ripples on a painted ocean the philosopher calls reality, whereon no craft built by human hands can ever embark. Age frees some of us from the fear which haunts many younger men, that reality is a far-off, changeless, passionless state, constructed by the pure intellect from the materials supplied by logical definitions, and that, therefore, love is a

dream; hope, a phantasy; admiration, an illusion; knowledge, a useless thing; the up-springing of new interests in a life so soon to cease, a weariness and a worry. The "ducdame" of the youthful philosopher who holds the monopoly of reality is *essence, substance, efficacious force.* The invocation has been successful. The circle is paced by many. When one escapes, one admires and wonders at the power of words. Looking back from the vantage-ground of age, one is driven to the conclusion that no intellectual clarity, no emotional impulse, is gained by supposing, as one used to suppose, that the realness of a thing exists in an unchanging and unchangeable substratum, which acts as a support of what we call sensible properties; one discovers that the rejection of that substratum is a necessary step to the realization of the reality of the external world. When we recall the unreal show of reality that was given to things outside ourselves by the intellectualistic notion of an efficacious force emanating from an unknown something that somehow existed somewhere, we again admire and wonder at the power of words. How thin, how skinny that pale phantom looks, now that age is bringing us into warm contact with the sustaining facts of life, and is teaching us the art of evaluating these real things. Freedom brings wonder; wonder that, even when young, we should have mistaken for a constraining reality the shivering ghost which some philosophers fondly fancy they have endowed with life by giving it a name.

We were sure once that the passive abstraction named substance was a great triumph of constructive thought, far more real than all the productive realities which glow and gleam in our eyes now age has opened them, and mould our lives now age has given us liberty.

Age inverts the meaning of the word *real.* Youth sought a reality that could not be grasped by human experience.

"It yearned, 'Nor Jove nor Mars';
Mine be some figured flame that blends, transcends them all."

Youth gave a glow to its extra-human, unreal realities by calling them spiritual. Age reaches the streets of the spiritual city by walking on the earthly roads that lead thither. Youth insists that the real cannot be spiritual except it be separated by a deep ditch from what is natural. When we were young, we digged ditches; now we are old, we fill them up. When we were young, we entered the realm of romance only by leaping the ditches we ourselves had made; now we are old, we wander easily into the fairyland where things are real. It was young Rosalind who sighed:

"How full of burrs is this work-a-day world!"

The aged Lear could say:

"I pray you now forget and forgive."

By bringing us into close touch with the real joys and gladnesses of life, and also with its real sorrows and troubles, age does for us two great services: it shows that loves and fears, hopes and doubts, admirations and apathies, are of the same order of reality; and, if we receive its illumination, age gives the power of making love more real than fear, hope more warm than doubt, admiration more constraining than apathy. If sorrows and troubles and anxieties are put aside as unrealities, the sting of reality is, sooner or later, taken out of the courage, the joyousness, the quietnesses of life. It is a commonplace of experience that an unexpected revelation of beauty in some common thing produces an emotional wave, which in its forward rush is pure

pleasure, but in its backward fall makes a low, sad sound. The reality of the sadness is needed to fulfil the reality of the joy. Is that the reason of men's so strange a dread of beauty? Pure comedy is never far from tragedy, because it is never far from real life. Meredith says, "If life be likened to the comedy of Molière, there is no scandal in the comparison."

In youth only the whole is real. In youth we would grasp reality by seizing some clear-cut, intellectual conception of the universe.

"Oh, such a life as [we] resolved to live,
When [we] had learned it."

Happily, we failed. If the whole of life could be seized and held by human experience, it might be found so intensely pleasant, or so overpoweringly painful for us, that life would fail. Age comes with its blessed power of widening and deepening our knowledge of a few parts of the whole, and, by making these parts intensely real, adding boldness to the adventures of our imagination. It is when the parts of life cease to be trivial that they become fringed with infinite possibilities.

And it is also by feeling warmly the realness of life's little hopes and fears, life's small cares and passing joys, that we come to realize at once the greatness of some of these things, and the trivialness of some things which once were all-important. Age may add to a man's faculties the power of advancing gradually towards some intellectual and emotional realization of life as a whole, by causing him to stay his steps for a time in each particular foothold he has cut for his support. By testing the security of every stopping-place, he discovers that some are to be trusted and some to be passed over. Advancing thus, he learns to sit lightly to much that used to bear him down; he learns one of life's great lessons, to take many things with a light hand. And advancing thus, as he grows older a man comforts himself with the knowledge that his reach exceeds his grasp, that by reaching forward he will grasp more, and yet—one of the most delightful thoughts which age intensifies—he will never grasp the whole; for he is being taught that what he names the whole of life is but a fragment of the universe of God.

This tested progress toward a more comprehensive reality, the same in kind as the real things which help us in our lives, gives to ideas their power as the great driving energies of humanity in its real struggle with its real environment. True ideas, like all other human goods, become more real the more they are used. Like aeroplanes, they cannot fly till they have run swiftly along the homely earth. They are nourished by the common necessities of our common life, and they transmute what they feed on into universal truths. When age has taught us the constant and proper use of them, true ideas cease to be, what they often are to the young, hazy nebulæ to be marked on the astronomer's map; they become suns which give light and life. In giving us this final compensation, age completes its work.

For our advancing years, we may "give Heaven thanks and make no boast of them." One evening we shall keep our vigil, and, having watched our armor for a night, with the morning we shall "be gone on our adventure brave and new."

M. M. Pattison Muir.

The Contemporary Review.

THE GULF.

After the first excitement of freedom and homecoming, the life at No. 23 Mount Stuart Terrace, Seabourne, began to reveal itself to the girl in all its mean, unlovely outlines. She was initiated into her mother's petty, boarding-house economies, and became with bewildering suddenness a household drudge, who went errands, cleaned silver, counted linen and weighed stores. In a month the austere refinement of the convent life she had left seemed to her of all things the most desirable, and she cried herself to sleep at nights over the appalling prospect of this continuing to be her life. Yet she did what she was told without complaint; the habit of instant, unquestioning obedience is not easily broken.

And then suddenly one day all the ugliness and drudgery came—for her—to a miraculous end.

It was after breakfast; the "guests" had scattered for the morning, and Mrs. Huntly was reading her letters while her daughter cleared the table.

"Well, Jean," she said, as she folded the last one, "don't you want to put your hair up?"

The girl flushed at the unexpected question.

"I—I thought it would look silly with this," she faltered, and touched the short brown alpaca dress that was the convent uniform.

"Of course it would," agreed her mother, in brisk good humor. "It's high time you had something else. We'll go and see about it this afternoon."

The result was two cotton frocks, a simple hat, and a white muslin dress for evenings—to Jean a dazzling array of fashion and elegance.

On their way home her mother opened out new vistas of change.

"Maurice wrote this morning to say that he is coming home to-morrow."

"Oh!" Jean flushed with pleasure; her only brother was almost a stranger to her.

"And he is bringing with him Mr. Anthony Vyne," her mother pursued, "for whom he fagged at school. That is the best of a good school; there are so many compensations for the bad education."

"Yes," said Jean, anxious to please and without the remotest idea of her mother's meaning.

"I want you," went on Mrs. Huntly, "to try to make Mr. Vyne enjoy his visit. It may lead——" she paused.

"Yes?" The girl raised her eyes, with their young, pellucid candor, to her mother's face.

"To—well, others," Mrs. Huntly explained, "and to changing the class of our guests."

"I see. But what can I do, mother?"

Mrs. Huntly gave a short laugh. "There's nothing like a convent education—for girls," she said, with the apparent irrelevance that was always bewildering Jean. "Do? Why, nothing—except enjoy yourself. I shan't need you in the house so much now, Jean, and you and Maurice must take Mr. Vyne out, and show him all the sights, and have picnics on the downs, and so on."

It was a dazzling prospect, and the girl lay awake that night not with misery but excitement. No wonder that Mr. Anthony Vyne, for whom were wrought these magnificent changes, was already a splendid and knightly being in her imagination.

It was in the drawing-room just before dinner that she saw him next day, and was instantly aware of some attribute in him that everyone else in the room lacked. Dimly she

recognized it; it was the something she had grown accustomed to in the nuns and her schoolfellows, and had missed in her mother and the "guests." He, too, seemed to feel its subtle, irresistible influence, and across the width of the room their eyes met. Jean was, by training and association, of Vyne's and not of her mother's class.

"Your sister?" Vyne asked the young man beside him.

"Yes." Maurice beckoned to Jean, and she crossed the room slowly and shyly, half excited and half abashed by the consciousness of her new long dress and the strangeness of the twisted coil of hair at her neck.

"By Jove!" thought her brother, who had seen her an hour earlier in the brown alpaca dress, "the Mater's going it!" He had none of his sister's difficulties in understanding their mother.

To Vyne the girl seemed like some drifting white blossom that had lost its way among thorns.

"Well, Jeanie," teased her brother, "how do you feel?"

The girl started. "Oh, Maurice!" she reproached, in a low voice.

Vyne was looking puzzled.

"You must know," explained Maurice, "that you're privileged to be present, Vyne, at the—the private view of a young lady in the making. This afternoon Jean's skirt was short and her hair down. She is now—what you see, and entitled to a formal introduction. Allow me. Mr. Vyne—Miss Huntly. All over! Feel any different after it, Jean?"

By a slight, dexterous movement, Vyne interposed his body so as to rearrange their grouping.

"The cold shoulder," laughed Maurice, and turned away.

On their way to the dining-room Vyne looked smilingly at the face of the girl beside him.

"It must be a curious feeling," he said, "this chrysalis to butterfly transformation. We dull men go through nothing to compare with it. What is it really like, Miss Huntly?"

She gave a little low laugh and shook her head.

"I can't quite make out." Her eyes were eager and puzzled. "It's very queer, and—and rather nice, I think. There seems to be so much that's *new;* I don't know how to explain, but new sort of feelings, I mean, that haven't got any names."

"That must be very interesting," he said, gravely.

"Oh!" She gave him a startled glance. "You're laughing at me."

His heart thrilled to the half shrinking appeal. Had he really found her —the child-girl who was free from all guile? Was it indeed reserved for him to give names to the new things, in the certainty that they were really new and without taint?

"Upon my honor," he said, "I'm not."

The next morning the three of them set out with a picnic-basket. Maurice stayed with them that day and the next and the third. Then he began to leave them for an hour at a time—to fish—to bathe—finally for hours and without any pretext. He had his mother's instructions, and if she showed astute generalship he was not less able a lieutenant. He was acute enough to foresee many advantages to himself in the realization of the maternal plan.

A month slipped by, and every day towards the end Vyne said to himself "I will speak." Yet, because the days were already perfect, and perfection cannot surpass itself, he delayed.

One morning Jean had left him alone while she gathered wild flowers, and he lay stretched on the warm slope of the glen waiting for the sheer pleasure of watching her return. She came, her hands filled with harebells,

her cotton dress blown by the wind and outlining her slim, straight young body against the sea and sky.

Vyne sat up.

"The hills look out on the South
And southward dreams the sea,
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she,"

he quoted softly.

The girl let the harebells drop at his feet, and her eyes were dim with a rush of tears. "'Southward dreams the sea,'" she repeated, below her breath. "It's so beautiful that—that it hurts," she said; "was it written here?"

"I don't know."

"Because you'd think whoever wrote it must have sat just here, looking out at it just like us, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," he said, "just like us," but there was no change in the soft dreaminess of her eyes. It was the poem alone of which she was thinking; her heart still hung, as it were, delicately quivering on its pivot, unconscious of the magnet toward which it trembled.

Maurice's whistle from the beach broke the spell; they raced down to him, unpacked the basket and lunched. The long, lazy afternoon slid by; no premonition warned them that it was the last.

As usual they all got back in time for dinner. On the hall table lay a letter for Vyne. He read it, and frowned.

"Jean!" he called, softly.

She turned on the stairs and he ran up to her. "My mother's taken it into her head to come down for the day to-morrow. I shall have to take her about."

The girl's face showed her disappointment, but she fought it down. "Yes, of course," she agreed, and, struck by a sudden thought, went in search of Mrs. Huntly.

"Mother, dear," she cried, "I've got good news for you. Mr. Vyne's just heard from his mother. She's coming to-morrow. It's only for the day, but still it might lead, mightn't it——"

Her mother's sharp exclamation stopped her.

"To-morrow? Are you sure?"

"Yes, he said so," Jean faltered. "Are you—sorry?"

Mrs. Huntly looked at her with a sort of grim resignation. "My dear Jean, I'm inclined to think the convent has rather overdone the thing, after all. Oh, yes, I'm sorry. Now go and dress."

The manner in which both her mother and Vyne had received the news of Mrs. Vyne's coming enhanced for Jean the natural awesomeness of that lady's appearance and bearing.

"Your daughter?" she asked Mrs. Huntley when Jean first came within her line of vision, and if she had said "The scullery-maid?" or "A worm?" the effect could scarcely have been more pulverizing.

After lunch Jean escaped thankfully to the garden. Past the deserted tennis-court and the gaudy, vulgar pagoda where tea was served on fine afternoons, the girl went. Even the hammocks were unoccupied, and the strangeness of this latter fact reminded her that it was the day of the regatta, and all the "guests" had gone to it. She took possession of a hammock with a little sigh. How different from the golden afternoons of the last month! She closed her eyes to live them again.

"My dear boy, haven't I saved you from fifty or so? You mustn't be angry because I try to save you from the fifty-first."

Jean opened her eyes with a start. There was no mistaking the clean-cut, measured tones, even though Mrs. Vyne's voice was lowered. She glanced round apprehensively, but

could see no one. Then she realized they must be in the pagoda—mother and son. Before she could think what she ought to do Vyne was answering, and his tone was restive.

"Well, what have you got against her, mother?"

"Anthony, she's a dangerous woman. Don't look so fierce; I know what I'm talking about. She used to be a Miss Piercy, and nursery-governess to the Mount-Edgeworth girls. There was an affair with young Mount-Edgeworth before he came into the title; she nearly caught him. They had to pay heavily, and later she married a Captain Huntly—poor, but greatly her social superior—who was killed in action a few years later. Since then she's gone in for this boarding-house business."

Jean flushed and paled; only at the sound of her father's name did she grasp the subject under discussion. Her first impulse was to fly; then she remembered there was no means of escape that did not lead past the pagoda. Only her present refuge behind it was invisible. Her heart beat wildly.

"Well?" she heard Vyne answer, "I'm not proposing to marry the mother, you know."

"My dear, do you really think a girl can touch pitch—?"

"But she hasn't touched pitch! An uncle on her father's side paid for her education. She's been for years at a convent school, and spent her holidays with the uncle."

"Except for the last six months at home, Anthony. You can't ignore them. What reason do you suppose her mother has given her for spending her days with you if not that you are a 'catch'?"

The girl made an effort to move—to cry out—but she could not. She was held with the inexorable, rigid cords that are the foundation of all nightmares. She waited with sickening anxiety for his voice. Surely—surely the answer was obvious enough?

There was a long pause. "I—don't—know," she heard him say hesitatingly at last. "Oh, mother, you're spoiling it all for me."

"Do you think I don't know, and am not sorry, dear?" Mrs. Vyne's voice had melted to an undreamed-of tenderness. "Anthony, it's hard, but it has to be faced. Either one must do without a name and position and money, or without romance. You're vexed with me now, because you thought you were cheating fate into giving you both. But you'll be glad later when you've escaped. Haven't you always been glad in the end?"

"This was different."

"Only in your having a cleverer woman than usual to deal with. At bottom there's all the same machinery. The girl's got the eyes of a Madonna, I admit, but they're only another noose to catch you with. She can't have such a mother without being contaminated. The brother and she are both in it, Anthony; it couldn't have worked so smoothly otherwise. Won't you trust me and get out of it while you can? We can catch the 5.17, and be gone before they all get back."

Jean waited, as it seemed, till the end of time, and then there came the sound she expected—the sound of chairs being pushed back. Their voices and footsteps grew fainter; in Vyne's tone were still hesitation, protest, unwillingness, yet through it all the girl caught the predominant note—surrender. * *

Her mother came out to her in the dusk.

"Well," she said, harshly, "you've played your cards finely, I must say. It wouldn't have taken *me* a month to bring him to the point. They've both gone by the 5.17, and it will be a long time before such another chance comes our way."

It was the first time she had

spoken with naked plainness, and she awaited, impatiently enough, tears and a scene. Neither came.

White and mute the girl passed her and went to her room; not through the gate of tears does the iron enter into the soul.

A project that had been dimly forming in her mind a month earlier took definite shape. She began methodically to collect her clothes and fold them. Half an hour later Mrs. Huntly opened the door. Her shrewd eyes narrowed.

"It never does to run after them," she said.

For a moment the girl stood paralysed. Then she crimsoned.

"Mother!" It was the cry of a child left irrevocably motherless. When she spoke again it was as though the fount of her voice was frozen.

"I am going," she said, "to Uncle Henry. He will get me a post as a teacher."

II.

As the clock struck the half-hour Vyne realized that he could no longer dally with the question of how he was going to receive Jean. It had to be answered, since at five o'clock she would arrive. Was he going to marry her or not? He set himself determinedly to face the issue.

The old days—ten years old—came back at his call. How miserable he had been, in a luxurious, sentimental way, after his flight from Jean, till that other tragedy, so much more startling and irretrievable—his only sister's runaway marriage with Maurice Huntly—had come to take its place, and kill his mother. Kate herself, broken and trailed in the dust by Maurice, was six years dead; and now Maurice, too, was gone, and of the hapless, unequal union there survived only bitter memories and one blossom—Jeanetta.

His face softened. It was for Jeanetta's sake that he was lying passive while Mrs. Huntly, like an elderly indefatigable spider, still wove her webs about him. Of course he could break them with a touch, but was he going to? If he wanted to marry Jean, at last and after all, was he to be deterred because Mrs. Huntly was scheming to get Jean married to him? On the whole, he thought he did want to marry her, provided she was still ladylike and pleasant and otherwise passable. He was thirty-four, and the ideal wife, for whom his mother had made such industrious search, had never been forthcoming. As for Jeanetta, he was quite sure he wanted her, and there really seemed no other way of securing her. It might even be mildly pleasant to bring ease and colour into the life of a hardworked high-school mistress. Yes, on the whole—

He heard the faint whirr of an electric bell in the distance, and hurriedly opened a book.

"Provided she isn't too schoolmistressy," he stipulated with himself.

"Miss Huntly."

Vyne came forward.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting?" Jean said. "I've come straight on from school." She swung a small strapful of books in confirmation of her words.

"Not at all," he answered, mechanically. "Won't you sit down?"

She had changed; that was the first thing he saw. Yet it was not a change from youth to any halfway house on the road to age; if anything, she was more beautiful than she had been at eighteen. It was something more subtle than that; the finer moulding of a lip, the steadier purpose in a glance; records of a spirit's growth.

"Thank you. Mr. Vyne, I think we must speak quite frankly about Jeanetta and the—arrangement."

He bowed a wary assent, mindful of webs.

"You promised Maurice, did you not, to be his daughter's guardian."

"Yes."

"You understood him to mean sole guardian?"

"Well—yes." He made a deprecating gesture. "Though, of course, I don't mind—"

"Thank you. The same method was adopted in my case—I am afraid my mother must be held responsible rather than Maurice—with the result that we find ourselves Jeanetta's co-guardians and trustees."

He nodded.

"The meaning of this trick," Jean went on, "is, of course, obvious; the conditions of the will make it glaringly so. We are to have the child six months each, to meet quarterly, to have joint and equal responsibilities, and so forth. Jeanetta's tiny income from her mother would have to be the millions of an American heiress to allow of any other interpretation."

He felt himself unequal to such frankness as this. "Any other—?" he hedged, uncomfortably.

Jean's lips quivered in a kind of good-humored derision. "I thought we agreed to speak out," she reproached. "Well, never mind. I'll do it all, since somebody must." She met his eyes. "It is difficult," she added, with sudden gravity, "for me to tell you the truth, just because I know how difficult it will be for you to believe it."

"I assure you—"

"But please don't. Let us leave it at that: it *is* difficult for both of us. Your family has suffered many things at the hands of mine; this guardianship arrangement mustn't make another. My mother's hope, of course, is that our frequent meetings as Jeanetta's guardians may lead to your wishing to marry me; or, failing that, that Jeanetta may grow so dear to you as to make you willing to marry me in order never to part from her. What I have to try to make you believe is that I am as determined as you to defeat this plan." Her voice had never faltered, but by the end her face was quite colourless, and he noticed how tightly clenched was the hand that held the book-strap. He felt a rush of pity; whatever was the truth of the case, there could be no doubt that she was suffering. He stood up.

"Miss Huntly—Jean, please don't let it distress you. I have only been waiting for an opportunity to tell you my feeling about it all. You say you are as determined as I to—to defeat your mother. But will you allow me to say that I am not determined at all?—that, in fact, I should be honoured if you would marry me?"

It was the best he could do, and not, he reflected, so very bad. If there was no suggestion of fervor, at least there was no note of condescension, either.

To his astonishment Jean gave a little, soft laugh. "You really care as much as that," she asked, "for Jeanetta?"

He reddened. How quick women were! Perhaps it was safest not to deny Jeanetta?

"Even if," he said, with a hint of stiffness, "I think partly of the child's interests, is that a crime? Don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, "but some things are impossible."

The quiet finality of her tone stung him. "I never knew you hated me," he said, ungenerously.

The taunt wakened a demon of mocking laughter in her eyes. "You never asked me to marry you before," she answered, and he had to acknowledge the justice of the thrust.

"Then you do dislike me too much?" he persisted, nevertheless. There was piquancy in the thought to the man

whom too many women had delighted to honour.

"Dislike?" She met his eyes frankly. "Oh, no! How can there be any question of that sort between us?"

"I don't understand. Why not."

"Don't you? Yet it's simple; only that

'I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.'

You will have to be content with having Jeanetta only half the year. Which reminds me that I have a request to make. My summer holidays begin next week; may my half of the year last from now till the middle of January? You see, that would bring my two longest holidays into my half, which will be more cheerful for Jeanetta than term-time."

"Yes," he said, with an effort. "It is all the same to me."

Her glance kindled. "No, it isn't," she answered, softly. "It means you have to wait six months, and that is hard. Thank you."

She rose to go.

"Good-bye," he said, and something in his voice—some touch of serenity or confidence—caught her quick ear. She frowned thoughtfully, and he waited in apprehension. Had she really by some intuitive process divined his thought, which had been, "This won't last; she's only holding off a while—?"

"Mr. Vyne," she said at last, "we can't—leave it like this." (She had, then!)

"Like what?" he asked, guiltily.

Her voice was low and tired. "I mean—some vestige of pride remains to me, some necessity to be not wholly at your mercy. And so—there seems no other way." Her lips quivered slightly, but she held his eyes without faltering. "I want you to know that, if you ever again ask me to marry you, you will be forcing me to give Jeanetta up to you entirely. That is all. Good-bye."

"Hold me up," begged Jeanetta in a whisper.

Vyne lifted her to the window, and silently they watched Jean's retreating form. At the corner she turned, smiling and waving. Then she disappeared; it was her last glimpse of Jeanetta for another six months.

Jeanetta gulped back a sob. Her grey, unnatural childhood had taught her an infinitely pathetic, unchildlike self-control: to both of them she was the dearer for it.

"Uncle Tony!" she faltered, confident of sympathy. "Oh, Uncle Tony!"

But for once there was no response; his face was drawn and haggard.

Jeanetta's fingers touched his cheek. "Dearest, you're not well?"

He started. The look, the tender tone were Jean's, unconsciously copied, and smote him with intolerable pain. Just so must Jean have spoken to Jeanetta a thousand times; just so she would never speak to him. It was from her image stamped on the child's soul that he had learnt at last to know Jean—and, knowing, to seek in vain for one door not locked to hope.

"I'm all right, Netta," he answered, with an effort; "quite well."

He carried her to the fire, and sat down with her in his arms.

"Then you're miserable, Uncle Tony?" she urged anxiously.

He tried to smile. "Aren't we all always miserable on Change Days, Netta?"

Her lips quivered. "It gets worse every time," she whispered. "Uncle Tony, please don't mind my suggesting it, but wouldn't it be nice if you were to marry Auntie Jean, and we all lived together always?"

He drew her closer so that she could not see his face. "Very nice, sweetheart."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because Auntie Jean doesn't like the idea."

"Oh!" Jeanetta thought deeply. "And yet—" she broke off.

"Well, Netta dear?"

"She likes you."

"Oh, of course! Who wouldn't?" he demanded, hilariously.

The child was not deceived. "But she does," she insisted. "Only—only—" she was clearly battling with some problem.

"What is it, baby. Don't worry," Vyne said, tenderly.

"But it's—it's so difficult," the child cried piteously, "to know how much it would be honorable to tell you, Uncle Tony, isn't it?" His heart smote him; what sort of cares were these to be cast on a child of nine? "Only I—I know she does."

Jeanetta's insistence set his pulses stirring with a wild hope. "Netta! How do you know?"

She hesitated. "That's just it; ought I to say? She never lets me tell her things—private things about you. Do you think—?"

It whipped the color to his cheeks. "No, Netta, you're quite right. You mustn't tell me."

Honor—even honor he had to learn from Jean through the child's lips: from Jean, whom he had first set aside as besmirched, and afterwards condescended to reconsider, for Jeanetta's sake. No wonder his punishment endured!

"Uncle Tony, why doesn't she like the idea?"

Vyne had theories with regard to telling children the truth. He answered, frankly, "Well, sweetheart, she thinks I only want to marry her for your sake—so as never to be parted from you."

To this the child gave absorbed attention. "You mean she thinks you love me best?—better than her."

"Yes."

"Oh!" Jeanetta smiled, wisely. "But grown-ups don't love children best," she announced.

"Jeanetta! You—you young Solomon! How do you know that?"

But Jeanetta was absorbed in the main issue. "So if we could only persuade her you did love her best, Uncle Tony—?" she urged.

He kissed her. "If, Netta," he agreed, humoring her, and silence fell.

Suddenly Jeanetta broke it. "Uncle Tony!" She drew a deep breath. "I've got the—most—tremendous idea!" She pulled his head down, and whispered.

"By Jove!" Vyne stared at her, his eyes alert and eager. "I believe you have, Jeanetta, if there is a way, you've found it. We'll—yes, we'll risk it!"

Jeanetta nodded, vigorously. He gave her a keen glance.

"But you?" he said, doubtfully. "Can you stand it?"

The child's body stiffened. "Of course I can!" she declared, and then suddenly nestled closer. "Till—till Change Day, anyhow," she said. "The last Change Day."

"You—little brick!" Vyne whispered.

So, when the middle of July brought Jean again, Jeanetta was not waiting as usual. Jean looked round eagerly as the door opened, and Vyne came in alone.

"Jeanetta is not ready?" she asked.

He shut the door. "May I have a few words with you first?"

She assented, coldly. "What is it?"

"Only this: I want once more to ask you to marry me."

It caught her like a blow; she shrank back.

"So it's come," she said, in a dazed voice. "You—you can't live without her, and you force me to give her up." Sudden scorn blazed in her eyes. "Aren't you afraid I may say Yes?"

"Jean!" He winced.

She ignored the cry. "May I see Jeanetta to say good-bye?" Her voice was ice. And this was the moment on which he must venture all! It appalled him.

"I'm afraid you can't," he said, lamely.

"Can't? She's not—ill."

"No, not ill. She's away."

Her brows met in a quick frown of concentration.

"Where?" she demanded.

"At school."

It forced a cry from her. "You've sent—that baby—to school?"

"She asked to go."

Her gesture was indignant. "As if she could know! Besides, what right had you, without my consent?"

"I had absolutely no right."

She searched his face for a key to his bald, halting words. Then she walked impatiently to the window.

"When did you do it?"

"Six months ago. Except for the Easter holidays I have not seen her."

"But why?—why?"

"Jean! Will you not see? Jeanetta and I have done the best we could."

"What has Jeanetta to do with it?"

"It was her idea."

"Oh!" she cried. "Will you never tell me plainly what it all means?"

He waited till, in surprise, she turned her head.

"You thought," he answered, with a passion of sincerity, "that I wanted to marry you so as to keep Jeanetta. Didn't I have to prove I could live without Jeanetta in order to prove I couldn't live without you?"

It was as though a lightning flash had riven the skies, leaving behind it the heavens opened.

"You did it—you have lived all these months without her—for me?—to prove to me?—"

"My dear! My dear! *Is* it proved?"

Her lips parted in a strange, startled smile. "Why—why, I think so. It means, doesn't it, that after all it's the—real—thing now?" Her voice broke on a sob. "Anthony! Doesn't it?"

"The real thing," he answered, humbly.

Suddenly she was beside him, and her hands in his. "It seems," she said, a little unsteadily, "that, after all, I am to be a pensioner—"

He met her eyes, startled. They were clear pools of laughter.

"For kisses," she murmured. . . .

"Anthony!" With a remorseful cry she broke away. "Our lamb! Our little, sacrificial lamb!"

"Jeanetta?"

"Yes. When do her holidays begin?"

"On the 25th."

"Ten days," she mused, and with a new meaning he echoed, daringly, "Ten days!"

Her eyes wavered.

"Jean," he asked, "would you? There would be time, and—we have waited so long."

With a little laugh she turned to his writing-table. "Where is the Bradshaw?" she asked.

"Here," he said, bewildered. "But, Jean, what—why—?"

"Please look up," she said, softly, "the train Jeanetta is to—to—come home by."

V. H. Friedlaender.

The Cornhill Magazine.

COMPARISON.

He and I sat on a seat in Hyde Park, and watched the drift of fashionable folk go by. He was a small, neat man, with a pleasant, pale face and soft blue eyes, in which there was a whimsical, wondering look. His mouth

was puckered up when I first saw him, but he was not whistling: he seemed to me to be exclaiming in astonishment. He gazed about him very eagerly; he appeared to be unable to look at the fashionable folk too closely. Now and then, when some resplendent man or beautiful woman went by, his lips would pucker as if he were saying, "Oh!" to himself; and his eyes gleamed like those of a puzzled child. He turned and spoke to me quite simply, without self-consciousness, as if it were natural for two men who had never seen each other before to speak and be neighborly.

"You can't get over it," he said, "they're nice-lookin'! I mean to say, you can't 'elp lookin' at 'em. That young girl that jus' passed now, she was nice-lookin', wasn't she?"

I looked at the retreating form of a tall, dark girl, with slender limbs, and nodded my head.

"I don't mean to say she's beautiful," he continued. "Not what you'd call *beautiful!* But nice-lookin'! Eh? Walks nice, an' the way she talked, too! That was nice! An' 'er 'air, an' the way she was dressed! There's a lot of 'em about 'ere like that. Nice-lookin'! Got nice 'ands!——" He held out his hands, as he said this, and I saw that they were hard and rough and red; the nails were broken and distorted, and the knuckles were knubbly. He dropped his hands to his side, and laughed. "Not like mine, eh?" he said.

A boy went by, exquisitely tailored, and at his side was a girl of seventeen. She was smiling at something the boy said to her, and as she passed us, she put her hand up to her loose hair and flung it out so that it fell from her shoulder, and down her back. It was thick and brown, and it shone with beauty. I forgot the little man at my side, until I heard him speak again.

"Now she's nice-lookin'," he said. "I mean to say she's real nice, she is! An' 'e was nice-lookin' too! Well-set-up young feller, I call 'im! Make a nice pair, they will! Shouldn't be a bit surprised if they 'it it off!" He remained silent for a few moments, and then began again. "I s'pose they bin to church together, eh? Yes, I expect so! They all go to church about 'ere! You know! Church Parade they call this! Mind you, I don't blame 'em! You can't 'elp likin' 'em when you look at 'em! Nice-lookin' an' that! You know, I can't make it out! I mean to say, 'ow is it? They ain't wot you'd call beautiful—some on 'em downright ugly, but some'ow they're nice to look at. You know! Walks nice an' talks nice, and got nice 'ands!—I mean to say, look at me now! I'm not like them. I mean to say, if I 'ad the clothes they 'ave, I couldn't carry it off, you know. Look at my 'ands! Why, I couldn't wear gloves on 'em! An' I don't talk the way they do. An' walk! Well, I mean to say, it's silly to talk about it, ain't it? An' my wife, too!—She was nice-lookin' when I first knew 'er. Proper nice-lookin', she was! I mean to say she was as nice-lookin' as any 'ere, considerin'! Why, you wouldn't believe wot my wife was like when she was a young girl. You know! Jaunty, she was! Walked about like anythink, an' did 'er 'air nice, an' all that! But she ain't like it now, you know! I mean to say, she's all right, reely, only some'ow——. That young girl we see jus' now with that boy, she'll be nice-lookin' when she gets to be my wife's age, same's she is now. Only older! That's all. She'll do 'er 'air nice, an' 'ave nice 'ands, an' talk nice. Don't matter wot age she is, she'll be nice-lookin'. Lots of old 'uns 'ere! Sixty if they're a day, some of 'em! Only they don't look old! Of course, they make 'emselves up a bit, but it ain't all that! Even when

they don't make 'emselves up, they look nice. You know what I mean! Now, my wife, she's not like that. She's not more'n forty, but she looks a good bit more. Don't seem to take no pride in 'erself. 'Er 'air—well, of course, it ain't to be expected, not with all she 'as to do! I mean to say, it ain't reasonable to expect it. Only——! Well, you know the way it is yourself! I can't 'elp thinkin' of wot she was like when I first knew 'er! See! Proper nice-lookin' she was! An' that partic'lar!"

The Park was crowded now, and the fashionable folk pressed close to us, as they went by. Beautiful women, beautifully clad, passed to and fro in an odor of fine perfumes. The little man drew his breath through his nostrils.

"That's nice, that is," he exclaimed. "I bet that cost a bit! Did you 'ear the way their dresses rustle, eh? Silk! I often come 'ere of a Sunday mornin' an' spend a penny on a seat. Fair treat, I call it! Of course, my wife she 'as to be cookin' the dinner, else I'd bring 'er, too. Do 'er good, it would. I mean to say it 'ud do anyone good. It's nice to see people lookin' nice! Any'ow, that's wot I think! I often say to 'er, if she was to try a bit more—only it ain't fair to say that. She ain't got the time! Stands to reason she ain't. We've 'ad seven children. Two of 'em dead, thank God! I don't mean to say I'm glad they're gone, only—well, you know yourself, they got the best of it, ain't they, now? An' it makes things a bit easier for 'er. It's a bit of a 'andful, seven! An' the cookin' an' the cleanin' an' all that. You know, I don't wonder she don't take no pride in 'erself. I don't reely! I dessay she thinks I'm as bad as 'er. She 'ad nice 'ands, too. I mean to say she was very partic'lar about 'er 'ands. Rub lemons on 'em every night to make 'em white. An' glycerine! Ever 'eard of that? Keeps 'em soft an' white. She read about it in a paper. An' do the grate with gloves on. I often say to 'er if she'd only kep' it up, she'd be as nice-lookin' as any of 'em. But she didn't! An' I don't wonder at it neither. Not with wot she 'as to do. Only——! They do it all right. I mean to say their 'air don't get the way 'ers is! Mind, I'm not sayin' a word against 'er. She an' me's all right, you know. I don't mean to say we don't 'ave no words now an' again, but on the 'ole, we're all right. On the 'ole! Proper pals we are. I tell 'er all about this every Sunday. She thinks same as me about it. She's got too much to do. It ain't 'er fault, of course. I mean to say, she ain't to blame. An' it ain't my fault. Jus' can't be 'elped!"

The drift of fashionable folk had thinned, and the little man murmured something about having to go. He gazed about him in the manner of one who is eager to take a last good look at treasured scenes, and then rose and stretched himself.

"I wouldn't missed comin' 'ere for anythink," he said, and added, "Good-day, sir!" and went his way.

St. John G. Ervine.

The Nation.

RUPERT.

Rupert, the horse, came to us with the best references, and I'm sure he always meant well and tried his hardest, but we all have days when things go wrong and we feel like slamming the door or smashing something, and I think that was Rupert's trouble on the ill-fated morning.

Papa has an excellent custom of riding about the neighborhood on horseback to shake up his—to keep him fit, and that was where Rupert came in; and, as I was saying, he was a conscientious horse and as a rule did the job well.

On the morning in question Papa had gone out riding and I was doing the housekeeping, and was in fact in the kitchen expounding the Insurance Act to the cook for about the twentieth time. It seemed to her unreasonable that she might not immediately begin to draw in some benefits, and I was at great pains making it clear to her that the game couldn't begin till she got ill or married or something, and that for the present she must derive what satisfaction she could from contemplating her card, which really looked very pretty with the stamp-collection on it.

The discourse was interrupted by the advent of Papa, who came in rather furtively through the back door with his hair awry and a lot of mud on his clothes. There was not the least doubt what had happened to him

"Ah, Felicity," he began, "I—I've just returned—rather unexpectedly."

"Oh, Papa," I cried, "have you fallen off?"

"Certainly not," he answered with dignity. "Riding-men never fall off. Sometimes they are thrown, of course."

"Yes, I meant that. Are you hurt, dear? How did it happen?"

However, Papa was disinclined to relate the adventure in the presence of cook, naturally enough, and it was not till he had changed his clothes that I learned the details.

It appeared that all had gone well until they reached the open country, where they encountered two disreputable tramps, who joined hands and executed a dance in front of the horse. Rupert, unable to contain his indignation, reared up, and Papa lost his balance and slid off over his tail.

"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"I came away. I was too indignant to discuss the matter with them at any length: I could find no excuse for their behavior. If they wished to dance they should have waited until a suitable occasion presented itself. It's a growing scandal, you know. Bad enough for people to go about without visible means of support. They should at least observe the common courtesies of the highway."

"Yes," I said, "advice would have been wasted on them; but what did you do with Rupert?"

"Well," he said, "it was rather a problem. He was a little difficult to deal with, and as the tramps offered to close in on him and bring him home when he appeared to be in a more reasonable frame of mind I accepted their proposal. It was, I thought, an opportunity to repair to some extent the mischief they had wrought."

"Papa, they'll steal him," I cried.

For a moment he seemed to brighten at the suggestion, but then he shook his head.

"I doubt it," he said. "They did not appear to me to be horsey men at all. I don't think they would have much use for Rupert."

And Papa proved to be right, for while we were sitting at lunch the tramps came up the drive with the horse in tow.

After some hesitation Papa went out to parley with them, and I kept an eye on the proceedings from behind the window-curtain.

It was soon evident that they were demanding most extortionate sums for salvage, and I began to be afraid that Papa would be unable to cope with the situation, so I decided on immediate action, and, raising the sash, leaned out.

"Papa, papa," I cried.

"Yes, my dear."

"An awful thing's happened. The bloodhounds have escaped. They've eaten the under-gardener and they're tearing round the shrubbery."

The tramps threw up the game at once. In five seconds they were out of sight.

It took some time to reassure Papa, who at first believed that there really were bloodhounds concealed about the premises.

"Well, I thought you might have got some, Felicity," he said; "I never know what you'll do next."

As a matter of fact we haven't any dog at all. The idea was mooted a short time ago, but Dora the cat and Stephen the hedgehog filed a petition against it and the proposal was dropped.

For some days the fate of Rupert was the chief topic under discussion. Papa said he felt he could never be reconciled to him again and refused even to go near the stable, and in the meanwhile Rupert took life easily and ate his head off.

"We'd better give him a month's notice," I said.

"Not at all," said Papa. "You don't do that with horses. The thing to do is to send the groom up to *Tatteridge's* with him and sell him; and I hope the man who buys the brute will enjoy himself."

This worked out all right. The *Tatteridge* people said there was no difficulty. If we would let them have the horse and furnish them with a description for the catalogue they would do the rest.

"We must try to get a real pen-picture of Rupert," I said, "so that he'll go off well."

I took a lot of trouble with it. It went like this. You might like to hear it if you are interested in Rupert:—

"Good horse; very little worn; stock size; color, vandyke brown; amiable; industrious; sober. To sell, or would exchange for nice sable stole and muff."

"I don't want a stole and muff, though," said Papa when I showed it him for criticism and appreciation.

"No, but you will soon," I said.

"When?"

"When my birthday comes next month."

However, the people at *Tatteridge's* entered him as a "Good hack. Quiet to ride for a lady." The red tape there is about as bad as in any Government department. I'm sure with my testimonial he would have gone off very well, instead of being knocked down, as Papa said, for a mere song. Rupert wouldn't like that.

And so for a time Papa was horseless and went about like ordinary people; but it didn't suit him. His temper began to get fretful. I decided that he must have something to jog his—to exercise him, and I came and talked to him seriously.

"Why don't you get another horse, Papa," I said.

"Another one?"

"Yes; get a nice tame one, you know."

"Oh, no," he said. "That wouldn't do at all. I want a horse with a lot of mettle. Of course it must have some self-control as well."

"Well, couldn't you get one like that?" I suggested. "You oughtn't to give up your riding, you know."

"Yes, I daresay I could," he said. "I'm a pretty fair judge of a horse. I'll look in at *Tatteridge's* to-morrow and see if I can find one to suit me."

I would have gone with him, but I had a party on that afternoon—Blindman's Buff and Coon-Can, I think it was.

I got back from it rather late and found Papa already returned, fearfully pleased with himself and looking very horsey with a large cigar in his mouth

and a whiskey-and-soda on the mantelpiece.

"What success?" I asked.

"Picked out the very horse," he said. "Rather expensive. Cost a good deal more than Rupert, but well worth the money."

"Where is he?"

"I rode him back. He's in the stables. Come round and see him."

He showed him off with great pride. I walked all round the horse. He winked at me and whisked his tail towards Papa.

"I suppose you didn't meet any tramps on the way down," I said.

"No. Why?"

"Well, if you had, he might have given himself away."

"Who might?"

"Rupert."

Punch.

CHANGE.

The new conception of matter brought about by the discovery of the radio-active elements revolutionized the theories of the nineteenth century and left the ordinary man disinclined to be surprised at anything. Those who are still young were brought up to believe that the atom was, as its name implies, an indivisible unit; whatever else might change, the atom could not; the atoms of which elements were composed had existed from the beginning of things. The radio-active elements, of which radium is by far the most famous (the more important of the others being actinium, thorium, and uranium), showed that the atom was, after all, capable of disintegration. The new theory, which made the dawn of the twentieth century renowned in the history of science, was that within the atom is a great aggregation of smaller bodies described as electrons (or corpuscles, as Sir Joseph Thomson calls them), each of them being in proportion to the atom rather as a pea is to St. Paul's Cathedral. Radium, although it is continually giving off energy, has an enormously long life, and uranium a much longer one still, but so far as the investigations of the radio-active elements went, the new theory of matter demonstrated only a process of disintegration. The particles of electrical energy—the corpuscles or electrons—separated themselves from the warring mass and flew off, to disappear—some later and some sooner, but all to disappear. All this was a revolutionary discovery, because it showed that there was no immutable thing in Nature. It was supposed by our fathers that though we lived in a universe which was slowly exhausting its energy, the atoms themselves would remain as the smallest material thing. Now it was demonstrated that even atoms could split asunder into smaller component parts.

But was the converse of this true? Was there any warrant for supposing that separate corpuscles could come together and create or re-create an element? Such a thing had never been seen by man, yet after the radio-active discoveries the demonstration of the converse was the obvious path of fresh inquiry. Science applied itself to assist at the birth of an atom. A memorable statement made a few days ago asserted that three men of science, Sir William Ramsay, Professor Norman Collie, and Mr. H. Patterson, had done this thing, and done it independently. There are critics of the experiments, some of them very eminent men, who think that a mistake has been made

But let us assume that there was no mistake, and that an element was actually built up out of electrical energy. If that was not what happened, one element was transmuted into another. Sir William Ramsey has described the experiments in simple language in an explanation published in the *Daily Mail*. He said that he was given some used X-ray bulbs by a friend, and he suspected that they might contain something composed by the electrical energy which had been passed through them. He found that in fact they contained the gas helium, and its existence could not be explained except on the supposition that it had been composed in some such way as he had suspected.

"Professor Collie was simultaneously experimenting with home-made X-ray bulbs, in which the cathode rays were employed as a source of energy. Mr. Patterson pursued similar investigations without knowing of Dr. Collie's work. Dr. Collie was very sceptical at first, but ultimately they both came to the conclusion that if cathode rays are passed through pure hydrogen gas in a certain manner there is present in the hydrogen tube considerable quantities of neon, one of the rarer elements of the atmosphere, and by some change of conditions the element helium is substituted for neon."

Sir William Ramsay went on to say:—

"'Inasmuch as there is certainly no helium or neon in the bulbs, and as the possibility of their entrance from the outside air, which contains them, was excluded by carefully devised experiments, the only conclusion which can be drawn is that these elements are the product of some action going on in the bulb: (1) Either the transmutation of the aluminium cathode, or of one of the numerous elements present in the glass, into neon and helium; (2) or that hydrogen is thus converted into both of these gases; (3) or that the electricity itself, in the form of electrons (particles of electricity), gives rise to the birth of these elements. In short, either the transmutation of one element into another, or the creation of an element from electricity. This points the way for a change of one form of matter, supposed to be incapable of it, into another.'"

If there is no mistake in these conclusions an entirely new field of discovery is opened up. Previously the investigations were conducted with the help of radium; now anyone with a battery and coil can try the experiments for himself.

Are we then on the verge of proof that the visible universe is not a finite thing which eventually, when all the energy has been given off, will—to borrow a phrase from Dr. Saleeby in the *Daily Chronicle*—run down like a clock? Is it possible that when atoms are disintegrated a new birth takes place, that new energy is created perhaps even more energetic than the original energy? Is there, indeed, any such thing as matter? If an atom is only the creation of energy and it can disintegrate and thereby produce fresh energy, it would seem that energy and matter are indistinguishable. It may be said that physicists have talked so much about energy that they have made it out to be more than it is: that it is only an abstraction employed in the argument necessary to explain phenomena. It does fit in with the known facts and does explain them, but, it may be said, matter remains matter in spite of all the variations to which it is subject. It is useless to try to answer the question when so much investigation has yet to be done, but we found ourselves reading with a shock of sympathy these words of Dr. Saleeby:—

"It is the very Nemesis of materialism to discover that the solid atoms

on which it built are not material at all. If there be no such thing as matter, materialism would appear to be only the latest of many superstitions. That which we call energy is seen to be the ultimate reality of the physical universe, a reality which takes many forms, including those which we call the atoms of the elements. And what, then, is energy? the puzzled philosopher may ask; and I know no better answer than has been left us by all the honest and profound thinkers of the past—that they only know what energy does, not what it is, but that it makes manifest the Universal Being."

It is in fact "the all-creating word"—that which sets in motion.

The recent experiments pay an unpremeditated tribute to the greatness of human thought. Minute experiments are the sole evidence which can be accepted as good in the courts of the physicists. But human thought in its moments of inspiration flies gloriously in advance of the laggard foot of investigation; with a divine swiftness it frees itself from all the limitations of its own time, and with the piercing quality of birds' sight it looks far beyond everything visible to the human eye. Ages before anything of the kind was proved or could be proved, Heraclitus uttered his famous dictum on the mutability of all material things—*πάντα ῥεῖ*, everything flows or changes. Anaxagoras, with his theory of minute constituents and mechanical process in the production of order, heralded the atomic theory five hundred years before Christ. And more wonderful than any ancient thinker on this subject was Epicurus, who three hundred years before Christ boldly stated a definite atomic theory. The atoms, he said, moving at an unimaginable velocity, give birth to worlds, and in their turn these worlds dissolve and give birth to other worlds. He supposed that the atoms were themselves indivisible and remained. But what a marvelously prophetic vision was this theory of reconstruction out of what Lord Kelvin in the nineteenth century was still calling "degradation"! All is, indeed, change. As Tennyson, remembering Heraclitus, wrote in verses which were never republished, but were quoted by a correspondent in the *Spectator* lately:—

"All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change:
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream.

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,
Nor essence nor eternal laws:
For nothing is, but all is made.
But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream:
For all things are as they seem to all,
And all things flow like a stream."

Less mystically, but not less appositely, Donne said of change:—

". . . . Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity."

The Spectator.

CARDINAL MANNING AND OTHER ESSAYS.*

By Monsignor R. H. Benson

Mr. Bodley has two great qualifications for writing such a book as this. The first is that he is essentially a spectator, identifying himself with none of his visions; and the second is that his mind is as shrewd and keen as that of a Frenchman. And it is pre-

* "Cardinal Manning, and other Essays." By J. E. C. Bodley. 9s. (Longmans.)

cisely in the possession of those two characteristics that he finds, too, his limitations.

His two essays on French affairs are admirable; the former of the two, that on the Decay of Idealism in France, is keen and philosophical; he dissects, correlates and visualizes with wonderful skill: he shows—even by little illustrations from contemporary crime—how, while the Saxon toils at the superficies of things, the Gaul fastens upon an Idea—at least, how the Gaul used to do so. And he finds in the famous Dreyfus case the last national explosion of Idealism, centreing round the idea, rather than the person, of the Jew. Further, he distinguishes the old frame of Idealism from the more recent, and predicts that Catholicism, however great its revival may be, will no longer serve. Idealism may recover; but it will not be that which evolved Chartres and Beauvais, or even the basilica of Montmartre.

His essay on the Institute of France is more historical and narrative. It is crammed with information; it deals with the history of his subject through the periods of the Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte, and reveals a reality and *camaraderie* in the affairs of French literature and art such as are practically unthinkable for England.

But his essay on Manning is, of course, the centre of gravity in his book. He unites the three in one volume, simply because they happen to have been formed from three lectures delivered in 1911.

And Mr. Bodley, as spectator, had very great facilities for knowing the Cardinal. He, although a young man, was continually welcomed at Archbishop's House, and, in a way, to an intimacy that must have been very nearly unique. He sat with him night after night; they gossiped pleasantly together of Oxford and London society and a thousand interests. It was almost certainly the Cardinal's wish that Mr. Bodley should have written his biography. And, to these unique opportunities, Mr. Bodley brought an unique power of observation and discernment. As a fine and delicate sketch the essay is superb. The old Cardinal lives and moves in the dark austere room with the malachite crucifix, and the "faded red skull-cap cocked over one eye-brow": he utters his sharp little comments, he renews his Oxford days, he reads a line or two from a book he takes down from a shelf. Neither are the greater matters wanting. Mr. Bodley indicates the old man's passionate fight for great causes, his official dignity, his private quietness and simplicity, his boundless ambitions for the interests with which he identified himself. He was essentially a public man; he was acting outwards, always—moulding, guiding, encouraging: he lived really in action; in his privacy he was but reviewing his past, and meditating on his future. He was at home in the world of life; his own rooms were but ante-chambers to life. All this is beautifully depicted in Mr. Bodley's pages, with wonderful art and balance. It is a thousand times more competent as a biography—if the object of a biography is to reveal a personality—than the official "Life." The old man really lives; one would know how he would wish to be treated if he were to return to earth, and what comments he would make on the present affairs of England.

Yet it is exactly Mr. Bodley's extremely keen insight into a temperament with which he was at least intellectually in sympathy—a temperament, that is to say, that is patient of the kind of analysis in which Mr. Bodley excels—it is probably this very insight that is incapable of focusing itself upon other temperaments that have little in common with the Cardi-

nal's; and it is one, therefore, that probably missed certain characteristics in the very person he describes so admirably. All this is brought out very vividly in Mr. Bodley's treatment of Newman. He says, very justly, that "there was fundamental antagonism between Newman's temperament and Manning's." "If they had been both born Catholics," he continues, "both sent to a Roman seminary at an early age, or submitted to the same discipline for the priesthood—even then they would have fought had they crossed one another's paths in the course of their pious ministry." All this is entirely just; a reader of the two published biographies—the one so bitterly unfair, the other so luminously tender—would endorse every word. It is the more astonishing, then, that one so balanced and shrewd as is Mr. Bodley can continue to condemn so fiercely the temperament of Newman, and fail to see that just because he understood the one so well it would be at least probable that he would not understand the other; and that he should not have made allowances for this. "For Newman's subjective mind," he says, "the whole scheme of Christian economy, and perhaps even the whole scheme of the universe, had been organized for the saving of the soul of John Henry Newman. Manning's objective vision, on the contrary, put his own personality in the background." This is an amazing judgment to pass. It would be just as unfair, but no more, for a fanatical Newmanite to say, "Manning's self-love and self-confidence showed itself in his boundless ambitions and activities: Newman, on the other hand, showed his modesty and self-distrust chiefly by his retirement from the world." And again, Mr. Bodley compares, with scarcely disguised contempt, Newman's gentle upbringing at home, his love of Oriel Common-Room, and his quiet life at Birmingham, with Manning's captaincy of the Harrow Eleven, his strenuous Union speeches at Oxford, and his fierce fights at Westminster—implying that the former lived only for himself, and Manning for others. Of course the temperaments were different; the whole world knows that, and the two protagonists, perhaps, best of all. Newman certainly found fault with Manning; and Manning, as these pages show, found a delicate and gently spiteful pleasure in finding "ten distinct heresies . . . in the most widely-read works of Dr. Newman." But the pity is that men like Mr. Bodley who, on their own showing, are critics and observers rather than contestants, who stand (or ought to stand) above the dust of the fray, do not seem to understand their own partisanship, and should not be able to do justice to one character without injustice to another. Both characters had a centre from which each worked, both had a circumference of activity; their methods were not the same, nor their ideals, but both served a common faith with whole-hearted loyalty. Mr. Bodley fails to do justice to this, and in his enthusiasm for one type is unable to understand the other.

For, after all, when all is said, when Newman's sensitiveness has been emphasized to the full, it remains that he was patient and obedient. Until the close of his life he remained in a certain obscurity, while Manning triumphed all along the line: the one received blow after blow, the other honor after honor. The one asked, at the worst, to be let alone, the other, at the worst, to be given his own way. It would have been more just, as well as more gracious, if Mr. Bodley had confessed his lack of sympathy with the more sensitive of the two natures and had said no more.

But, apart from those limitations, the essay is magnificent as a sketch

and an analysis of a particular type of character—and the character of one, too, who has helped to mould the history of our own generation. There is but one more limitation—and that an inevitable one—the fact that the essayist was not a Catholic. Had he been so he might not only have understood the greatness of the author of the "Apologia," but have perceived, too, more of the secret motives of the great Cardinal whom he delights to honor. But, as he tells us, Manning never attempted, even, to press the Catholic religion upon his acceptance.

The Bookman.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

We are continually being reminded that this is an age of crumbling creeds, and of disillusioned worshippers wandering about in search of a new spiritual habitation more weather-tight and better fitted with all the modern conveniences. It might appear as if the faith so eloquently expounded by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his new volume, "The Evolution of Positive Religion" (Heinemann), were particularly well adapted to meet this need. For it has been expressly designed to fulfil the supposed requirements of the educated modern man and woman by a reconcilement of the scientific view of man and the universe with the ceremonies and the moral discipline of the older religions. Rejecting the dross of superstition, the miracles, special inspiration, personal divinities, and irrational dogmas belonging to the imaginativeness of a pre-scientific age, Positivism claims to select, to retain, and to improve for the modern service of man the modes of discipline and worship, and the other spiritual aids which the various great religious systems had evolved. A wide, impartial survey of the whole range of known history enables Positivism to pluck even from the early crude forms of fetishism some fitful gleams of spiritual meaning; to incorporate the richness, variety and tolerance of polytheism, and the sterner authoritarianism of monotheism in its several main branches. From Christianity it claims to take al that is realy ennobling, the deepened sense of moral personality, the purity of domestic life, the transcendence of the barriers of nation, race, sex; the regard for the poor and weak, and the cultivation of the softer virtues disparaged by the best cults of paganism; everything except the distinctive dogmas and the high significance accorded to the person and the work of the first founder. The structure of Roman Catholicism, indeed, it absorbs almost in its entirety —ceremonial, discipline, authority, the whole institution, with the trifling exception of its creed! The Anglican establishment, it is true, furnishes comparatively little to the new religion, except its qualities of tolerance and elasticity. For it has weakened its capacity of spiritual service by its class attachments.

"We seldom find the Church, or any eminent body of Churchmen, take the lead in seeking to prevent a war, to abolish cruel sports, to put an end to social wars, to assuage the violence of strikes and lock-outs, to check the greed of capital, and the anarchy of its victims. Quakers, Weselyans, Baptists, Unitarians, and Positivists may try their best to do these things. The Church, as a body, officially, and apart from a few isolated persons, sticks to its masters—the governing majority—and to its "patrons"—the rich owners of its livings. There is

not, and there never has been in Christendom, a communion which was socially, morally, and politically, so closely identified with the governing classes of the State."

As for orthodox dissent, though it has its proper virtues, they are offset by conspicuous defects, a narrow culture, a democratic organization, and a perilous reliance upon the authority of a miscellaneous collection of writings called "the Bible," which is everywhere being undermined by criticism.

"That is the gulf to which, as to a Niagara, the full stream of Orthodox Dissent is steadily and smoothly hurrying. When the Bible is knocked from under its feet as the sole revelation of God, it is hanging in the air over the abyss—for it has neither tradition, antiquity, Church, organization, ritual, ceremonial, art, or poetry to fall back on."

Neo-Christianity, with its rationalizing tendency, its withdrawal of all explicit doctrines of other-worldliness and the miraculous, its stress upon the humanity of Jesus, and the social applications of His gospel, Positivism is ready to accept and to incorporate, with a gentle note of protest against the unique value of the central figure, and a preference for the more constructive Paul. Theism is treated with less sympathy than the more organized creeds, chiefly because, being unorganized, it has nothing to recommend it but a transcendental attitude directed towards a supernatural personality which brings to a focus all the difficulties and contradictions of theology.

This survey of the field of religious experiments leads to the triumphant emergence of Humanity as the supreme object of reverence and worship. For it alone is found to give complete satisfaction to the reason and the emotions. "The Philosophy of Humanity in a basis of encyclopædic science, crowned by the science of society and the science of human nature, explains, inspires, and harmonizes all these gospels. The religion of Humanity accepts, reverences, and adds new glory to all these redeemers, saviors, and mediators." The Positivist faith alone, it is contended, escapes the metaphysical perplexities of every religion relying upon a super-human deity and a personal immortality.

"We say frankly, 'Humanity' finds itself in a world for the defects of which it is not answerable, which it can largely come to know, and partly to improve, rising to higher things generation after generation, helping each one of us to rise to better things, till we each become, in the rest of death, part of that very Providence which nourishes the infant, strengthens and informs the man, and lays our weary bones to rest in tender memory of whatever good we may have left to our fellow-beings, who will follow us on earth."

Here is a religion which, accepting all that is good in the past, gently reforms it to the service of the future, sets aside without the bitterness of controversy the barren problems of theology, reconciles science with religion, the welfare of the individual with that of the race, progress with order. A few of the foremost thinkers of the last half-century have embraced this religion, some of the ablest writers have expounded it. But the fact remains that it has failed to gather into its fold more than a little handful of the educated men and women who, in every civilized country, have broken away from the creeds of orthodoxy. What are the reasons for this failure of the appeal of the Religion of Humanity? One reason, we believe, is that the dogmatic spirit which the very name of "Positive" implies, and the elaboration of the scientific system which it inhabits, are repellent to those who, having broken loose from one cage, are shy of entering any

other. This is not altogether a foolish timidity. The spick-and-span completeness of the brand-new spiritual edifice, with its particular arrangements to satisfy every intellectual and moral need of man, arouses a suspicion of excessive artifice. The ingenious adoption of the forms and ceremonies and the organization of the Roman Church awakes some instinctive suspicions in those who cannot bring themselves to accept the sharp severance between creed and ritual which Positivism asserts when it seizes the latter for its own stage property. Coalescing with this doubt is the sense of an excessive intellectualism, which is not exorcised by the ceremonial efforts to work up a passion for Humanity. There is a feeling that the science has eaten up the religion, and the sentiment of reverence on which it thrives. This is not indeed the necessary result of science, which, instead of killing wonder, may only expand its area. But the persistent application of scientific method is not easily consistent with that sort of reverence which belongs to religion. Darwin's confession that his intellectual life inhibited his taste for poetry is a candid recognition of this real opposition between the life of science and that of the emotions.

But hardly less patent is the failure of Positivism to furnish a convincing object of reverence. Neither the modern Rationalist nor the modern Emotionalist is prepared to worship man, collective or individual. The history of man, in his slow, irregular, upward struggle from the brute, is intensely interesting, and appeals powerfully to our sympathy, but it fails to evoke a feeling of religious reverence, partly, perhaps, because of the very closeness of this sympathy. Man does not worship man, as dog does not eat dog. Nor is this emotional difficulty overcome, except for a few, by ritualizing the march of man in epochs, paths of progress, names of pioneers. Such a method either tends towards a sort of hero-worship, which falsifies history, and which is indeed explicitly repudiated by Positivist theory, or else it has to rely upon an immense and ever shifting conglomerate concept of Humanity exceedingly difficult to respect, much less to reverence. That some genuine emotion may and must gather round the idea of human progress, as conceived by any intelligent and educated man, is true enough, but that it can furnish an adequate religion is found by actual experience to be an unwarranted assumption. Persons of philosophic training will be prone to find another defect in the Positive philosophy and its religion, viz., its anthropocentrism and its relative failure to recognize a Universe. Although Mr. Harrison devotes some interesting pages to attempting to disprove the imputation of anthropocentrism which is suggested by the very title of his creed, he does not succeed in showing that a disinterested attention is given to the world and the universe. They always remain distinctively man's environment, and this is in itself a denial of anything that can be called a genuine Weltanschauung. As the modern philosopher wants a Universe, and will not be fobbed off with a bunch of dualisms, so the religious-minded man, who has shed the old dogmatic creeds, still craves a setting of that universe in terms of personality as a condition of the survival or revival of the religious sentiment. If science fails to justify this attribution, he tends to eke out its deficiency by poetry or by mystical speculation.

We do not affect to discuss the validity of these reasons and feelings. We merely point out that they have been effective barriers to the acceptance of Positivism as a religion. The new wine in old bottles does not in

fact hit the taste of most liberated minds in search of a religion. Modern thought will not have these bottles. The iconoclasm which Positivism deprecates, is not merely a passing revolutionary phase, but a half-emotional, half-rational repudiation of the sorts of ceremonialism, authoritarianism, dogmatic interpretation of history, and meticulous discipline, which Positivism appears to wish to restore.

The Nation.

IN MEMORIAM.

CAPTAIN SCOTT, R. N.
(And His Gallant Comrades
Who Reached the South Pole in January, 1912
and Died on their Homeward Way.)

Not for the fame that crowns a gallant deed
They fixed their fearless eyes on that far goal,
Steadfast of purpose, resolute at need
To give their lives for toll.

But in the service of their kind they fared,
To probe the secrets which the jealous Earth
Yields only as the prize of perils dared,
The wage of proven worth.

So on their record, writ for all to know—
The task achieved, the homeward way half won—
Though cold they lie beneath their pall of snow,
Shines the eternal sun.

O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Julius Cæsar" are the latest volumes in the Tudor Shakespeare. The first is edited by Professor Fred P. Emery of Dartmouth College and is embellished with a photogravure frontispiece from an old print, showing Windsor Castle; the second is edited by Professor Robert M. Lovett of the University of Chicago, and has for frontispiece a portrait of Thomas Betterton, the great actor of the Restoration, who took the part of Brutus with distinction. The Macmillan Co.

The little book entitled "Mother and Baby" by Anne B. Newton M. D. has a value and importance quite out of proportion to its modest size. It is filled with practical and helpful sug-

gestions about the care of babies, written in an easy untechnical style, and including counsels regarding food, clothing, bathing, and the care of babies in sickness which are well calculated to relieve the anxieties of motherhood and to promote good health and good morals in childhood. Prescriptions are given for simple remedies and minute directions for every day care and needs. The book is one which every young mother should keep at hand for constant reference. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"The Impeachment of President Israels" by Frank B. Copley (The Macmillan Co.) is a kind of parable in the interest of international peace. It tells the story of an imaginary President who, in face of great popular clamor for war with Germany, not only refused to prepare for war, but by his refusal and his conciliatory policy disarmed German resentment and made war impossible. Whether the parable proves convincing or not will depend upon the attitude of the reader, but it is at least clever and ingenious.

Young men and women, in or out of the colleges, who are thinking of journalism as a profession, cannot do better than to study carefully the volume on "Essentials in Journalism" of which Mr. H. F. Harrington, Director of Courses in Journalism at the Ohio State University, and Mr. T. T. Frankenberg of the staff of the Ohio State Journal are joint authors (Ginn & Co.) It is a thoroughly up-to-date and comprehensive account of methods of collecting and handling "copy" from the excursions of the reporter to the desk of the copy editor and the city editor and to the press room. Every detail of newspaper work,—reportorial, correspondence, and editorial writing and management is described and this from the inside, by men who are familiar with all the processes. Journalism to-day is a very different thing from what it was forty or even twenty years ago. Such a manual as this is of the utmost value to those who are thinking of entering the newspaper field; and, outside of these, it is of no slight interest to all who would like information regarding the materials and methods which go to the making of the newspapers of to-day. Nor is the scope of the book limited to city journalism; the country weekly as well as the city daily comes in for its share of attention.

Thirteen "Leading American Inventors" are included in the brief biographies contained in the volume bearing that title, written by George Iles, and published by Henry Holt & Co. In this group are four great engineers, Colonel John Stevens and his son Robert, Fulton and Ericsson; four great mechanics, Whitney, Blanchard, McCormick and Howe; four inventors in the field of writing and printing, Morse, Tilghman, Sholes and Merganthaler; and Charles Goodyear, to whom we owe vulcanized rubber. These biographies are engaging and inspiring reading, not only because of the light which they throw upon the progress of science and the arts, but because of the disclosures which they make of courage and persistence in the face of disappointment and apparent failure. It was no path of roses which these great inventors trod. Their achievements were the fruit of struggle and often of sacrifice. There are seventy or more portraits and other illustrations. The book is the latest addition to the series in which have already appeared biographies of leading American soldiers, novelists, essayists and men of science.